

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

# VAMPIRELLA



588856  
A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



**“WELCOME TO THE WITCHES COVEN”**

See Page 55

# VAMPIRE'S FEARY TALES METIFA!

NOW MEET A REAL  
FEMME FLAME, DEAR READER!  
SATAN'S MISTRESS...

HEY, BUD!  
WATCH  
THIS!

TRY EXPLAINING THIS  
TO YOUR FRIENDS! MORE  
INTERESTING THAN  
PINK ELEPHANTS,  
HUH!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN *NOTHIN'*  
YET, OLD MAN! ONCE I GET  
COOKING, I'M PRETTY  
HOT STUFF!  
SEE!

I'M SATAN'S  
WOMAN,  
METIFA!

AREN'T YOU  
IMRESSED??

NOT REALLY!  
I'M...

**GOD!**

**ZAP!**



# VAMPIRELLA

NO. 15 JAN. 1972

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# VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS



Can a young and beautiful vampiress from the planet Drakulon find true happiness on earth? I think she can. More and more, VAMPI is being portrayed as a frank and candid story character. Really enjoyed her exploits in VAMPIRELLA #13 and the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL. May her serum bottle never break!

**SEAMAN FREDERICK LANGILLE JR.**  
Norfolk, Va.

Amen,  
Seaman Langille Jr.

It is my understanding that once someone is bitten by a vampire, he is at the whim of the vampire and no longer has a free will. If you can't convince Mr. Warren to have posters made of your covers, convince him with a bite on the neck! Honestly, VAMPIRELLA, your magazine has the best covers going and I'd love to have poster reproductions of them.

**RICHARD GRUNDER**  
Syracuse, N.Y.

I've been reading Creepy, Eerie and VAMPIRELLA since they first hit the stands and I love 'em. Who says your magazines are just for kids? The Navy loves you too!

**DAN RODRIGUEZ**  
Honolulu, Hawaii

I'm really glad that Jose Gonzalez is drawing VAMPIRELLA. He draws her exactly as I see her in my mind. "The Lurker in the Deep" from VAMPIRELLA #13 was great! "The Frog Prince" did not turn out as well I thought it would. It really turned me off! Thanks for another good issue and a great VAMPI story.

**GORDON DOMES**  
B.C., Canada

Please—more of Jose Gonzalez! VAMPI, you've never looked better. VAMPIRELLA #12 was one of the best issues yet. VAMPI, I'm sure you'll nose out Creepy and Eerie when the Warren Awards roll around. You're on the right track.

**ALLEN ATKINSON**  
Bethel, Conn.

There wasn't enough blood in VAMPIRELLA #12. When the cop was stabbed in "Death's Dark Angel," hardly any blood gushed forth.

**FRANK VERRICO**  
Brooklyn, N.Y.



**"LURKER IN THE DEEP"**  
Lack of blood in VAMPI #12?

Gary Kaufman's "Eye of the Beholder" in VAMPIRELLA #13 was the greatest story ever.

**CHARLES FLYNN**  
Portland, Oregon

I'd like you to know that I was rooting for you when it was time for the second annual Warren Awards, VAMPI. (See the 1971 Comicon Awards elsewhere in this issue for this year's results—ed.) Really enjoyed "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" in VAMPIRELLA #13. Incidentally, I now have the Aurora model of my all-time favorite, VAMPIRELLA.

**PRESTON S. OWENS**  
Monroeville, N.J.

VAMPIRELLA #12 has finally fulfilled the promise of the magazine. Congratulations! "Death's Dark Angel" has to be the finest story ever to appear in your pages. Goodwin's story was not only intriguing as a whole, it featured several outstanding moments, such as when the cop pulls a gun on the Van Helsing and when the demon stands revealed as Wade's father. The high point was the scene in which blind Van Helsing puts the stake through the cop's heart, shouting the strangely poignant words, "Adam! I think I got her!" I say poignant because here was the sad absurdity of human obsession. "Quest" was beautiful but the ending had little effect. "To Kill a God!" was ultimately silly but really fine up until the last page.

**GARY ASPENBERG**  
New York City, N.Y.

While attending college and graduate school, I got into the habit of reading comics to unwind. In most cases, comics allow me to forget my worries for at least a little while. A few months ago a friend introduced me to VAMPIRELLA and I found it thoroughly enjoyable. Unlike your mediocre competitors, you at Warren handle horror and suspense as well as the best of science fiction writers. You do not dwell on the morbid for its own sake, but rather use morbidity as a vehicle by which some pretty decent stories are unwound. You do not exploit bloodshed or dismemberment for their shock value, but use them to enhance an ongoing plot. Perhaps you more than any other comics company have shaped the current trend for the liberalization of the comic book code. For this, I applaud you. Keep up the good work.

**ALEX MESCavage JR.**  
Smithtown, N.Y.

I wish proper credit had been given for "The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter" in VAMPIRELLA #13. Herodotus tells the story in the second book of "The Persian Wars" and he claimed it came from the Egyptian priests of his day. Herodotus has been dead now 2,300 years. It's nice that he's finally getting some recognition.

**ROBERT MORSE**  
Marblehead, Mass.

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“When is VAMPIRELLA going to meet the mad demon Chaos himself?”

Your continuing adventures have really hooked me. I've just read VAMPIRELLA #13. “Lurker in the Deep” was great. When will VAMPIRELLA meet the mad demon Chaos himself?

GEORGE SIESEL  
Springfield, N.J.

Never, I hope.

My sincere congratulations on the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL. It was fantastic. The new “Origin of VAMPIRELLA” story topped the original one from VAMPIRELLA #1, but not by much. And that cover. Hoo boy! Aslan does magnificent work. The origin story was great except that I didn't like the way Tristan manhandled you. Your 1972 ANNUAL really had some great stories, such as “Snake Eyes” and “The Curse.” Wish however that you had reprinted “The Witch Trilogy” from VAMPIRELLA #7.

CRAIG CARTER  
San Francisco, Ca.

“The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter” is the best story you've ever published. Bea does great work. More!

ANTHONY CLARK  
Reidsville, N.C.

POOR KEPHYR —  
ALREADY MINUS A HEAD,  
CHANCES ARE YOU WON'T  
MUCH MISS AN ARM.



Asian's cover portrait of VAMPIRELLA from the VAMPIRELLA 1972 ANNUAL was much praised. Reader R. Christ said a poster should be made of the cover but wanted the skull out.

This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine but after reading VAMPIRELLA #13 I felt I had to write. “The Silver Thief and the Pharaoh's Daughter” was absolutely fang-tastic. Jose M. Bea did a brilliant job. I really can't get over how beautiful the artwork is. More by Bea!

CHARLIE KOSIEK  
South River, N.J.

I'm glad you wrote, Charlie. There will be more by Bea to come.

Your 1972 ANNUAL was superb. A lot of people have been asking for a poster of you. Why don't you run a color poster of Asian's cover from your ANNUAL? However, take out that skull. It gives the picture too much of a macabre effect and I like to think of you as a beautiful young woman. I don't like being distracted by a grinning skull.

R. CHRIST  
Hoboken, N.J.

A scene from “The Silver Thief and The Pharaoh's Daughter” in VAMPIRELLA #13. Reader Charlie Kosiek said the story was “fangtastic and the art beautiful!”

I've just finished reading VAMPIRELLA #12 and I must say it was brilliant up to p. 26. From there on, it went downhill. The cover was the best VAMPIRELLA cover ever published. Keep San Julian on the job. The letters page was interesting but a bit too long. “Death's Dark Angel” defies description. The only thing I liked about “The Eye of Oziros” was the art. I don't care for sword and sorcery. “Quest” was good but I would have preferred to see it in panel form. While Wood's art was quite good, I didn't care for “To Kill a God!” because it was another sword and sorcery tale. VAMPIRELLA #12 was okay but I hope you cut down on sword and sorcery in the future. More Science Fiction! More stories with mystery and a twist at the end.

KEVIN McGOVERN  
Latrobe, Pa.

Just saw VAMPIRELLA #13 and I think 19-year old London fashion model Mary Collins (See the letters page of VAMPIRELLA #13 — ed.) would make a perfect VAMPIRELLA.

K. LANGAN  
Bronx, N.Y.

SEND  
VAMPIRELLA  
A  
NIGHT LETTER!



Are you troubled by vampiric questions? Questions which keep you awake all night so you have to sleep during the day just to get some rest?

Write to:

VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS  
c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

When are those full-color posters of VAMPIRELLA coming out? They're long overdue.

PHIL DUNCAN  
Knoxville, Tenn.

Before New Years rolls around, you'll see them.

**PROLOGUE:** IN THE CARIBBEAN REPUBLIC OF *CÔTE DE SOLEIL*, IT IS NIGHT. NOT A NIGHT OF SOFT SHADOW AND QUIET, GLEAMING STARS, BUT OF BURSTING FIREWORKS AND RAUCOUS LAUGHTER, AND CROWDS GOING MERRILY MAD IN THE STREETS. IT IS **CARNIVAL** TIME IN THE CAPITAL CITY; A TIME WHEN STRANGERS MEET AND TRAVELLERS THrong, AND THREE SUCH TRAVELLERS WE SEE NOW: **ADAM VAN HELSING**, LAST IN A LINE OF EXPLORERS OF THE UNKNOWN, STALKERS OF THE UNDEAD; **PENDRAGON**, VAUDEVILLIAN AND STAGE MAGICIAN; AND THEIR COMPANION, THE STRANGE, LOVELY GIRL FROM A DISTANT WORLD CALLED DRAKULON...

# VAMPIRELLA

ADAM! I WAS  
HAPPY THAT SUPPLY  
BOAT COULD TAKE US  
OFF JEAN AND  
VIVIENNE'S ISLAND...\*  
BUT **WHAT?**

NOTHING  
**SINISTER** FOR  
A CHANGE. DON'T LET  
THE WEIRD COSTUMES  
FOOL YOU... IT'S JUST  
AN ANNUAL  
CELEBRATION!

\*SEE *VAMPIRELLA* #14

I THINK I'LL APPRECIATE IT MORE FROM HERE. CELEBRATING ON DRAKULON WAS USUALLY DONE IN **SMALLER** GROUPS!

THEY'RE **ENTITLED** TO SOME OVER ENTHUSIASM THIS YEAR, VAMPIRELLA... A MAN WHO WAS VIRTUALLY **DICTATOR** OF CÔTE DE SOLEIL DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO.

BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY BE MORE INTERESTED IN LOCAL **CUSTOMS** THAN LOCAL **POLITICS**. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A QUIET SPOT TO OBSERVE THEM.



YOU KNOW ME? HOW--PAUL! PAUL GIRAUD! YOU WERE AN EXCHANGE STUDENT IN MY FATHER'S CLASS AT NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY!

BUT WHY NOT A SIMPLE HELLO INSTEAD OF THIS CLOAK AND DAGGER BIT?

I HAD TO BE CERTAIN NO ONE WAS AROUND... MY POLITICAL ACTIVITIES AGAINST THE SUPPORTERS OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT HAVE MADE ME A TARGET OF THE SECRET POLICE!

THEN YOU'VE COME TO US FOR HELP, RIGHT?

NO, TO **WARN** YOU! YOUR **FATHER** RECENTLY CAME TO CÔTE DE SOLEIL... APPARENTLY OUT OF SOME BELIEF **YOU** WOULD SHOW UP HERE. I MET HIM BRIEFLY BY ACCIDENT...

ONCE THEY **HAVE** SOMEONE, NO FRIEND OR RELATIVE OF THAT PERSON IS **SAFE**! IF THEY LEARN YOU'RE HERE, THEY WILL BE **AFTER** YOU!



OUR PEOPLE CALL IT THE **VOODOO WIND**... BECAUSE IT'S BLOWN NIGHTLY EVER SINCE THAT OLD TYRANT, VALIER, DIED. BUT PERHAPS YOU DON'T **KNOW** OUR NICKNAME FOR PRESIDENT VALIER... **PAPA VOODOO**!

SUCH OMINOUS WORDS ARE DEVASTING ENOUGH TO A DEVOUT COWARD LIKE MYSELF... DOES THE **WIND** HAVE TO RISE ON CUE TO RAISE MY HACKLES AS WELL?

THERE'S A **SOUND** ON THE WIND... I CAN HEAR IT **FAINTLY**. SOME SORT OF... **MUSIC**!



YES, MUSIC. TOO FAR AWAY AT FIRST TO BE CAUGHT BY ANY BUT THE SUPER-KEEN SENSES OF THE GIRL FROM ANOTHER WORLD. THEN, IT GROWS! THE THROBBING DRUMS, THE SHRILLING FLUTES, THE WILD RHYTHMS OF DANCING FEET. MIXING, BUILDING TOWARD A HAUNTING, HORRIFYING CRESCENDO... **THE MUSIC OF VOUDOU!**



EACH MIDNIGHT, **MADAME DOMINIQUE** HAD DANCED. SHE HAD SUNG THE ANCIENT CHANTS AND CALLED TO HER DEPARTED LOVER, **JACQUES VALIER**. SHE HAD EXERCISED ALL HER POWERS AS **BOCUR** - SORCERESS -- OF THE VOUDOU CULT. AND NOW AT LAST THERE WAS A **STIRRING**. NOW AT LAST THE BLACK MAGIC FORCES WERE CULMINATING IN ...

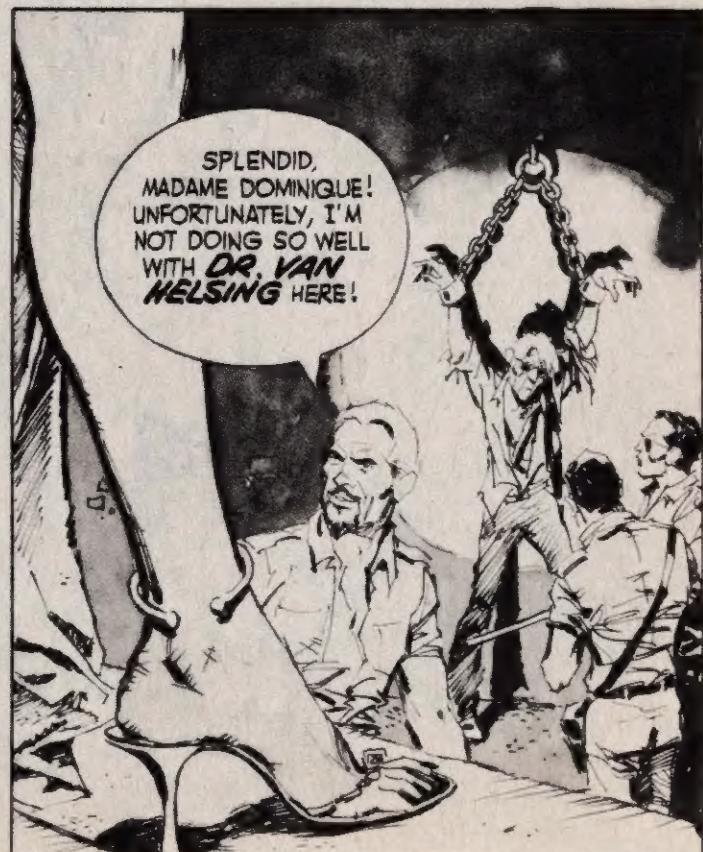
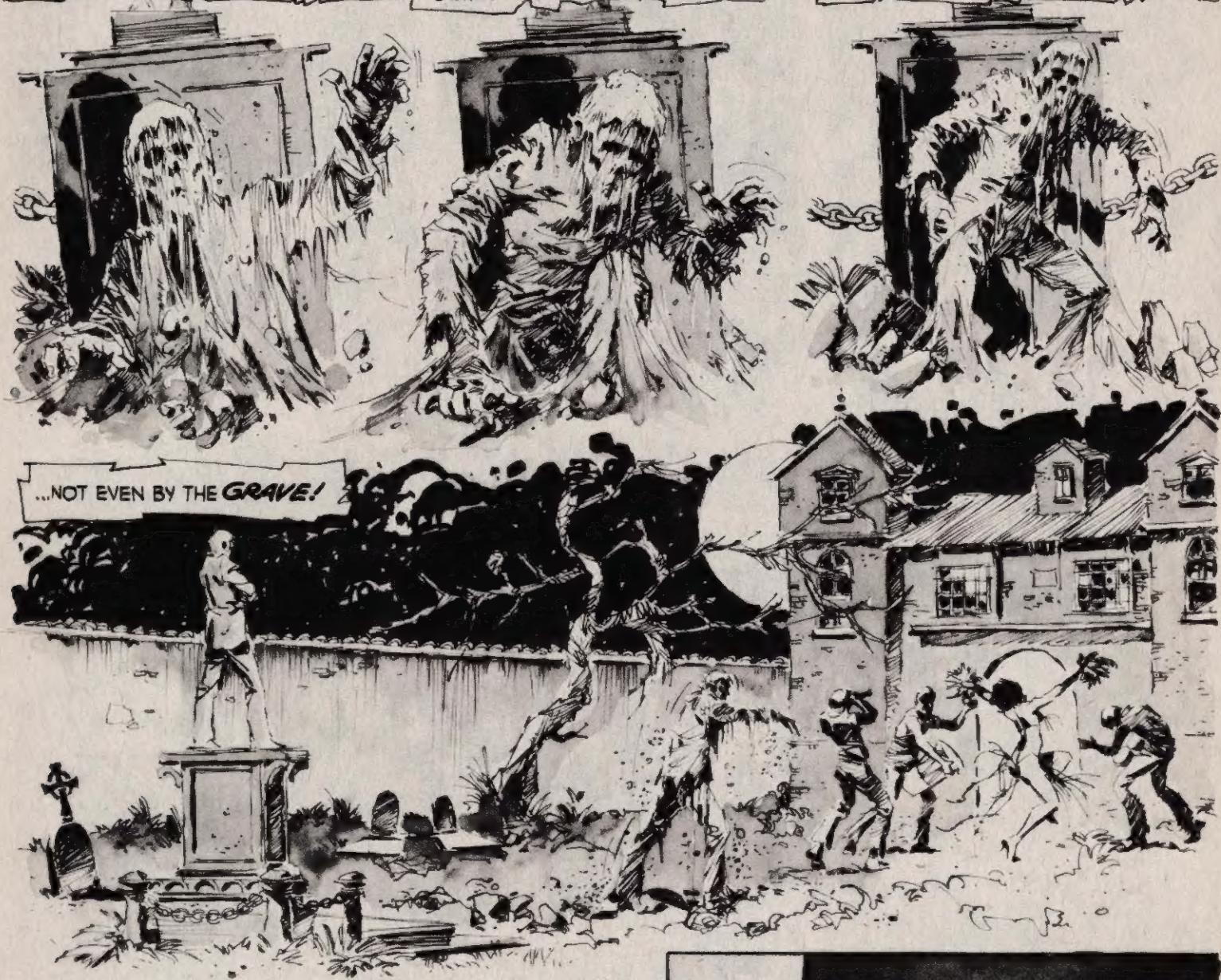
# THE RESURRECTION OF **PAPA VOUDOU!**



**PAPA VOUDOU!** WHO FOR TWENTY YEARS CRUELLY MANIPULATED AND SELFISHLY EXPLOITED THE THIRD LARGEST COUNTRY IN THE CARIBBEAN...

**PAPA VOUDOU!** WHO MAINTAINED POWER THROUGH TERRORISM; BY HIS SECRET POLICE AND THE DARK CULT FROM WHICH HIS NICKNAME CAME...

**PAPA VOUDOU!** WHO LONG VOWED THAT HIS IRON GRASP ON THE THROAT OF CÔTE DE SOLEIL WOULD NEVER BE BROKEN BY ANY FOE, ANY FORCE...



HE STILL **DENYS** THAT  
BLASTED PAUL GIRAUD HAD  
HIM COME! BUT WHY **ELSE**  
WOULD SUCH A RENOWNED  
EXPERT ON THE  
**SUPERNATURAL**  
BE HERE EXCEPT TO  
ATTEMPT TO **STOP** US?

OR DO  
YOU **STICK**  
WITH THAT STORY  
ABOUT SEARCHING FOR  
YOUR **SON**... TO SAVE  
HIM FROM SOME  
FEMALE **VAMPIRE**??!

STUBBORN, EH? WELL, SO AM I!  
STUBBORN ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE  
AMERICAN ARMY WHEN IT WENT **SOFT**!  
STUBBORN ENOUGH TO SUCCEED AS  
MILITARY ADVISOR TO A **REAL MAN**  
LIKE PRESIDENT VALIER!

I-IT WAS  
THE **TRUTH**,  
RAMM...

AND STUBBORN ENOUGH NOT  
TO LET A BUNCH OF COMMIES AND  
RADICALS TEAR DOWN WHAT **HE**  
BUILT! **KEEP WORKING ON**  
**HIM, BOYS!**

AND LED BY MADAME DOMINIQUE, COL. TRAVIS RAMM  
IS BROUGHT TO THE SIGHT HE HAS BEEN WAITING,  
**HOPING**, TO SEE FOR MONTHS...

**N-NO...!** I DIDN'T  
THINK IT WOULD BE  
**THIS WAY!**

JUST TO GET THIS FAR, I HAVE  
EXPLOITED MY **FULL POWERS** AS  
A PRIESTESS OF **VOUDOU**! TO  
BRING THE MASTER TO **FULL**  
**LIFE** TO MAKE HIM MORE THAN  
THE MINDLESS THING YOU SEE...

...WILL REQUIRE THE  
**STRONGEST**  
OF MAGICS!

NO ONE WILL EVER  
ACCEPT HIM AGAIN LIKE  
**THAT! A-A ZOMBIE**...  
A PIECE OF ROTTING  
FLESH! YOU CAN EVEN  
**SMELL**--

THIS IS  
ONLY THE **FIRST**  
**STEP**, COLONEL...

**THIS!** THE  
POWERS OF THE MAD  
GOD, **CHAOS**, WHO ALONG  
WITH HIS SEVEN DEMON  
SERVANTS, ONCE  
RULED EARTH!

THE BOOK  
SETS FORTH **SPELLS**  
FOR CALLING TO HIM IN HIS  
PLACE OF BANISHMENT...  
**THE NETHER-VOID!**  
IT IS **DANGEROUS**,  
BUT WE MUST  
RISK IT!

BUT...

YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR OVER AN HOUR! PAPA VOUDOU'S STILL UNCHANGED! WHY ISN'T THE MUMBO-JUMBO WORKING?

MAGIC IS SOMEWHAT LESS PRECISE THAN MILITARY TACTICS, COLONEL! THE SPELLS I'VE TRIED DO NOT SEEM POWERFUL ENOUGH TO EVOKE THE PROPER RESPONSE!



THERE IS ONLY **ONE** LEFT THAT MAY WORK, BUT I'D HOPED TO **AVOID** IT... IT COULD PROVE **TOO** POWERFUL! IF ONLY SOMEONE **EQUALLY** SKILLED IN THESE MATTERS WERE ASSISTING ME...

THEN IT MIGHT BE SAFELY EVOKE!

NO DOUBT CONRAD VAN HELSING'S STUDIES HAVE MADE **HIM** QUALIFIED FOR SUCH A CHALLENGE... BUT OF COURSE A MAN OF HIS **SCRUPLES** COULD NEVER BE MADE TO—



THE LONG NIGHT WEARS ON. THE VOUDOU WIND HAS DIED. THE CARNIVAL REVELERS HAVE LEFT THE STREETS. ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE NOWHERE TO GO REMAIN...



I'M NOT WELL KNOWN IN THIS QUARTER. IT'S DOUBTFUL I'D BE RECOGNIZED.

BESIDES, YOUR FATHER WAS PROBABLY ARRESTED BECAUSE HE WAS SEEN WITH ME. I FEEL OBLIGATED TO HELP...

THE HELL HE CAN'T! GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME, LADY, AND I'LL FIND **SOME** WAY TO BREAK THAT OLD MAN... YOU GOT MY WORD AS AN OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN!

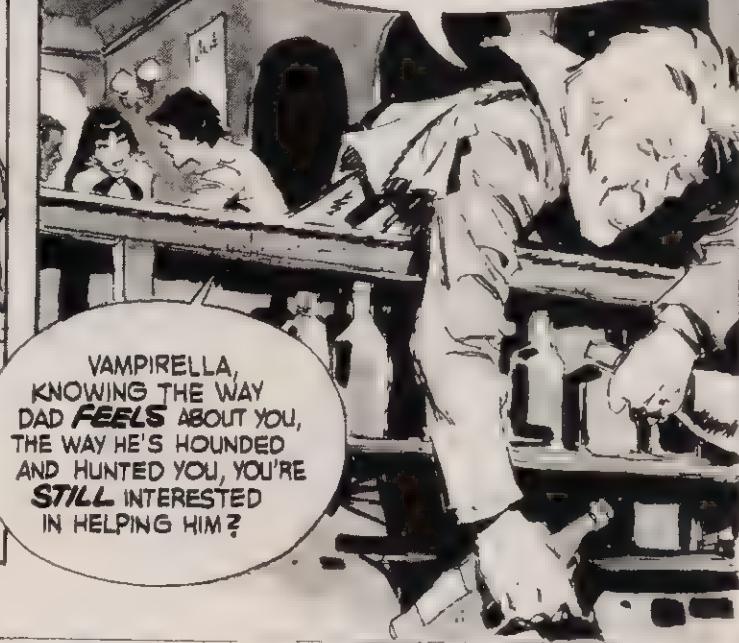


BUT GOD KNOWS, THERE IS LITTLE THAT CAN BE DONE! BY NOW HE IS IMPRISONED IN THE ROYAL PALACE BEING ENTERTAINED BY PAPA VOUDOU'S MISTRESS AND HIS MILITARY ADVISOR!

THERE IS NO ORDINARY WAY DR. VAN HELSING COULD BE REACHED OR RESCUED?

INKEEP... INKEEP?

RASCAL SEEM'S TO HAVE VANISHED... AH, WELL! NEVER LET IT BE SAID PENDRAGON WAS TOO PROUD TO SERVE HIMSELF!



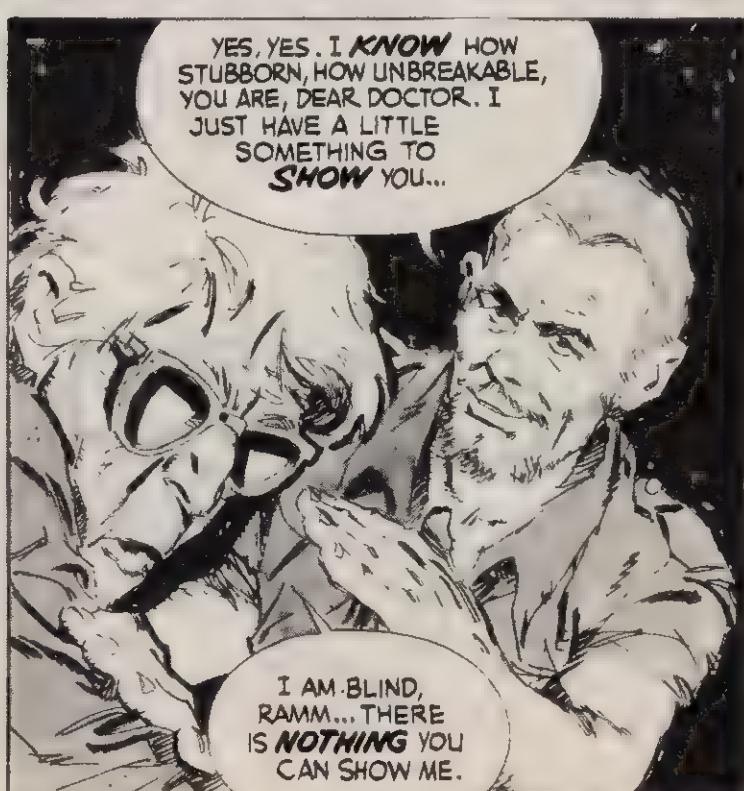
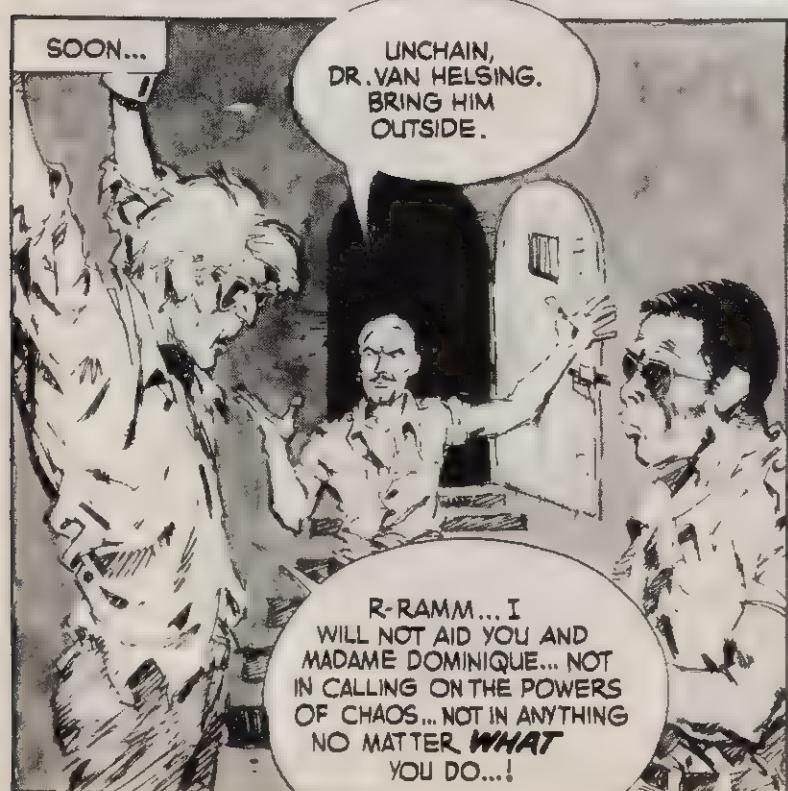
HE'LL NEVER BE CONVINCED I'VE CHANGED FROM THE CREATURE OF PREY I USED TO BE IF I DON'T. BUT IF I CAN FIND HIM HIM IN THE ROYAL PALACE...

BUT PAUL GIRAUD KNOWS NOTHING OF THE POWERS OF THOSE BRED ON DISTANT DRAKULON. HE DOES NOT SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS "MERE GIRL" AS SHE STEPS INTO THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE...



AND MORE UNFORTUNATELY, VAMPIRELLA DOES NOT SEE THE DARK SEDAN THAT COMES SCREECHING TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE BISTRO ONLY MINUTES AFTER SHE WINGS HER WAY TOWARD THE ROYAL PALACE!





HERE WE ARE, DOCTOR! AND IN CASE THAT **SECOND SIGHT**-- THAT **CLAIRVOYANCE** YOU CLAIM TO POSSESS..WHICH SUPPOSEDLY LED YOU HERE TO FIND YOUR SON... IN CASE THAT FAILS YOU...

I'LL POINT OUT THAT THE **SOUND** YOU HEAR IS TWO MEN BREATHING THEIR **LAST** AND **ONE** OF THEM IS...

ADAM!

OF COURSE WITH A **TRANSFUSION** AND IMMEDIATE TREATMENT, HE **COULD** BE SAVED. IN FACT, THERE IS A DOCTOR STANDING BY UPSTAIRS...

...ALL YOU HAVE TO **DO** IS AGREE TO ASSIST MADAME DOMINIQUE HERE IN EVOKING THE POWERS OF CHAOS TO RESTORE FULL LIFE TO PRESIDENT VALIER!

A SIMPLE **YES** SAVES YOUR SON AND BRINGS A **GREAT MAN** BACK TO HIS PEOPLE!

NO! IT'S **HIDEOUS**... A **SECONDO** LIFE FOR A TYRANT AND MADMAN! I WON'T, I--I--

I-I CAN'T LET MY OWN SON **DIE**! LORD FORGIVE ME... I CAN'T!

I KNEW YOU WERE A REASONABLE MAN, VAN HELSING! ALL RIGHT, MEN... GET THE BOY UPSTAIRS, **ON THE DOUBLE!**

YOUR FORMER STUDENT, **PAUL GIRAUD**? HE WASN'T PART OF THE **BARGAIN**, DOCTOR! AND, IN ANY EVENT, I FEAR IT'S **TOO LATE**...

IT WAS TOO LATE THE VERY **MOMENT** HE DECIDED TO OPPOSE MADAME DOMINIQUE AND ME!

THE OTHER PERSON WITH ADAM... HE'S HURT ALSO! YOU MUST HELP HIM AS WELL!

DEATH COMES IN TIME FOR EVERY MAN. NONE TRULY ESCAPE, BUT GIVEN THE STRENGTH OF WILL, THE SOURCE OF DETERMINATION, SOME FOR A WHILE MAY **RESIST**. SO, PAUL GIRAUD DRAWS ON HIS **HATRED** FOR WHAT A DICTATOR DID TO HIS PEOPLE, HIS **RAGE** AGAINST THE MAD SCHEMES OF THE MAN'S FOLLOWERS ... AND CLINGS TO **LIFE**.



MEANWHILE...

NURSE, TELL COL.  
RAMM IT'S **VITAL**  
THAT I SEE HIM AT  
ONCE.

AND SOON...

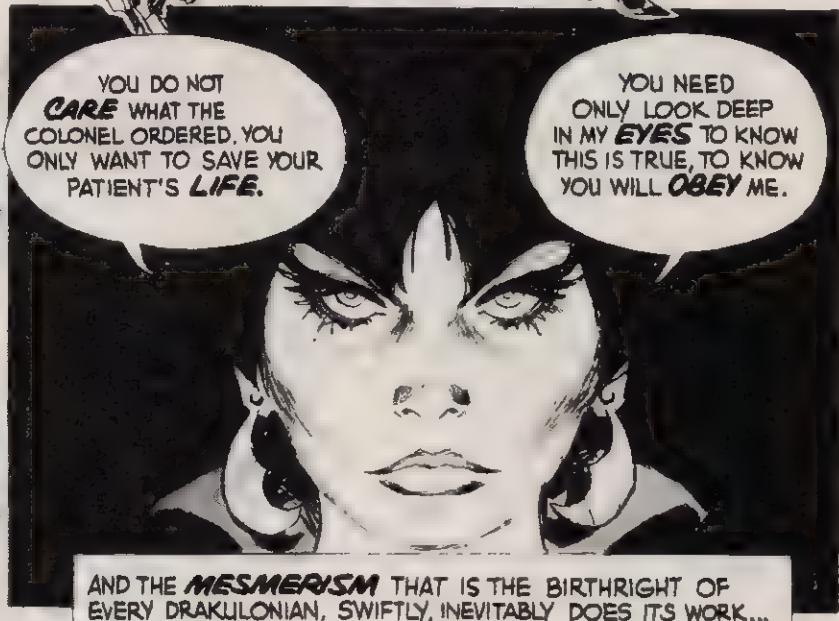
HIS **BLOOD TYPE**  
IS EXCEEDINGLY RARE. WE'VE  
NOTHING ON HAND THAT CAN BE  
**USED**. AND IN THE TIME IT WOULD  
TAKE TO **FIND** A DONOR...  
COLONEL, WHAT SHALL  
I DO?

OBVIOUSLY  
**NOTHING**. AND SO LONG  
AS THE BOY'S FATHER  
DOESN'T **KNOW**,  
EVERYTHING WILL  
BE **FINE**.

MAKE CERTAIN  
**NO ONE** ENTERS OR  
LEAVES THIS ROOM  
UNTIL I RETURN!

YES,  
SIR.





IT'S TRUE...!  
ALL I HEARD DOMINIQUE  
AND RAMM SPEAK TO DR.  
VAN HELSING... THEY MEAN  
TO MAKE HIM **LIVE**...  
LET HIM **RULE** AGAIN...!

BROUGHT  
YOU BACK AS A  
**ZOMBIE**... AND HOPE  
TO TURN YOU INTO A  
**MAN**...! NO, PAPA  
VOUDOU... I WON'T  
**LET THEM**...!

MAN LIKE YOU  
SHOULDN'T LIVE **ONCE**,  
PAPA VOUDOU... LET ALONE  
**TWICE**...! I'LL **STOP**  
THEM... JUST HAVE TO  
HIDE AND WAIT...

JUST... HIDE...  
AND... WAIT...

YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR PART,  
DOCTOR? AS I EVOKE THE POWERS  
OF CHAOS, YOU WILL RECITE THE  
**COUNTER-SPELL**... IT SHOULD  
PREVENT FORCES OF THE  
**NETHER-VOID** FROM USING  
MY INCANTATION TO BREAK  
THROUGH TO EARTH!

I  
UNDERSTAND  
ALL TOO **WELL**,  
MADAME... AND  
I DON'T **LIKE**  
IT.

EVERY DAY  
WITHOUT PAPA VALIER  
IS TIME FOR RADICALS  
LIKE THAT **GIRAUD** TO  
BE STIRRING UP THE  
CIVILIANS **AGAINST**  
US!

THOSE DAYS  
ARE **OVER**, COLONEL.  
LET US TAKE OUR PLACES...  
AND **BEGIN**!

JUST SO  
YOU **DO** IT, VAN  
HELSING! LET'S  
GET CRACKING!

BUT AS ONE ACT OF LIFE AND DEATH STARTS ELSEWHERE IN THE PALACE, ANOTHER IS **ENDING...**

WE SHOULD KNOW IN A MOMENT IF THE TRANSFUSION WAS A **SUCCESS**. IT'S FORTUNATE I DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY FIND A WAY INTO THE PALACE... I MIGHT NOT HAVE FLOWN PAST AND SEEN ADAM HERE!

BUT I FEEL SO **WEAK** NOW... THIRST, **CRAVING**, BEGINNING TO OVERTAKE ME...

AND VAMPIRELLA PRODUCES A VIAL OF THICK, DARK FLUID... THE SPECIAL **SERUM** THAT TAKEN ONCE EACH 24 HOURS KEEPS HER FROM BEING A HUNTRESS PREYING ON THE **BLOOD** OF MANKIND.

VAMPIRELLA...!  
I WAS **DYING**...  
Y-YOU...

YES, ADAM.  
WE HAVE SHARED BLOOD, A MOST INTIMATE RITUAL ON MY WORLD, DONE ONLY BETWEEN THE CLOSEST OF FRIENDS...

...OR **LOVERS**!

NOW REST WELL, MY DARLING... I MUST DO WHAT **I CAME** TO DO IN THIS PLACE.

YOU WILL **PROTECT** YOUR PATIENT, DOCTOR... YOU WILL ALLOW **NO ONE** TO HARM HIM!

I WILL ALLOW NO ONE TO HARM HIM.

AND I PRAY I'M IN **TIME** TO DO THE SAME FOR ADAM'S **FATHER**!

AND IN THE SHADOWED CHAMBER WHERE PAPA VOUDOU LIES, MADAME DOMINIQUE BEGINS HER CHANT TO A MAD GOD AND THE SEVEN DEMONS WHO SERVE HIM...



THE LOOMING ALTAR, THE CHAMBER'S DARKNESS, **HIDE**  
PAUL GIRAUD... AND CRIES TO **CHAOS** MASK HIS FINAL BREATHS.



AND FROM THAT PLACE THAT IS NOT A PLACE, FROM THAT LIMBO WHICH IS BEYOND SPACE AND TIME, REALITY ITSELF... FROM THE **NETHER-VOID**... THE POWER OF THE MAD, BANISHED GOD **REACHES OUT!**



THEN, THE MOMENT FADES INTO BLACKNESS,  
STILLNESS... UNTIL...

**COLONEL!**  
**LOOK AT THE ALTAR!**  
**PAPA VOUDOU**  
**MOVES!**

AS A ZOMBIE HE WOULD  
MOVE ONLY AT **MY**  
COMMAND... THE SPELL  
HAS WORKED! HE  
LIVES AS HE WAS!

YES, I LIVE! JACQUES  
VALIER LIVES AGAIN AS I  
SWORE I WOULD! YOU HAVE  
SERVED ME WELL, DOMINIQUE...  
YOU AND COLONEL RAMM!  
PAPA VOUDOU WILL NOT  
FORGET HIS WOMAN AND  
HIS FRIEND!

PAPA, I MUST  
SEE YOU, HOLD  
YOU AGAIN...!



A MATCH REKINDLES A BRAZIER, AND  
BRINGS LIGHT TO ... **HORROR!**

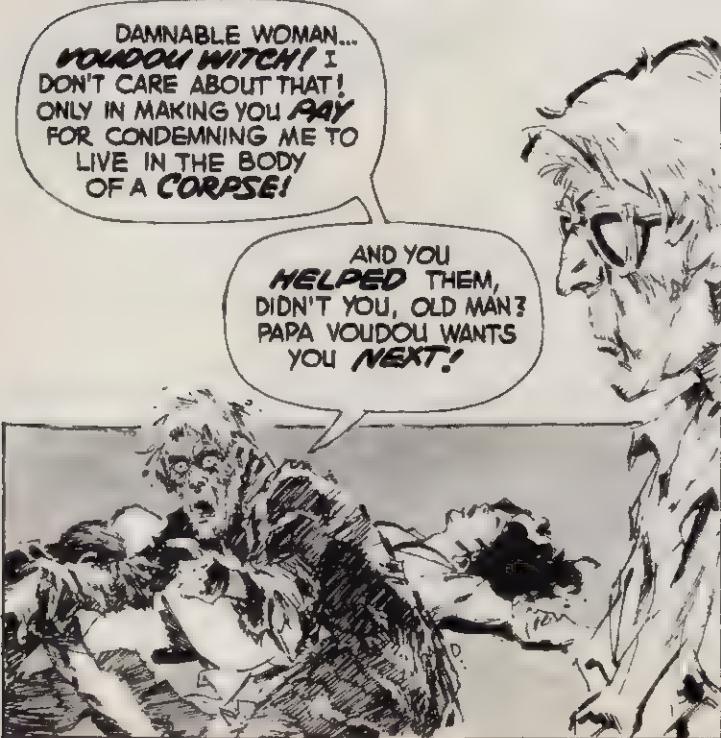
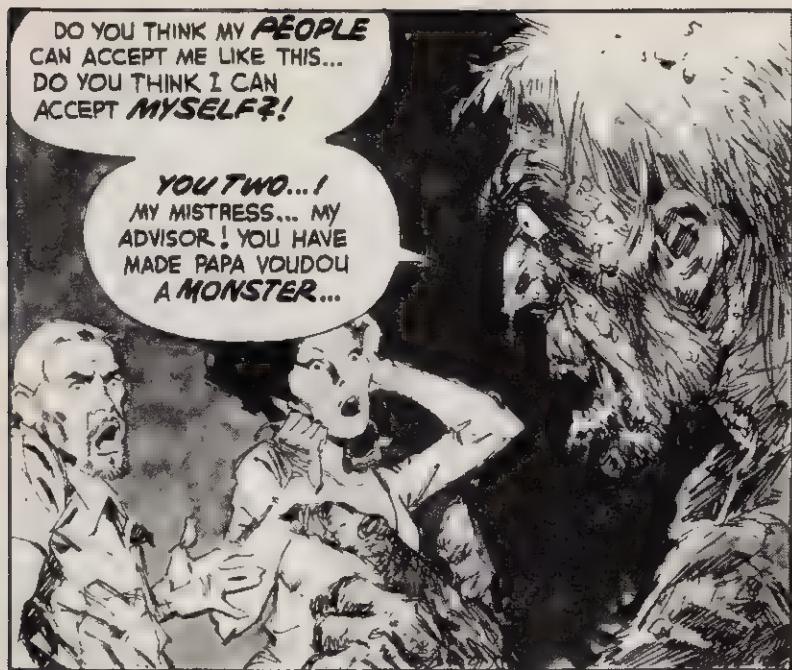
**EEEEEEEEE!**



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?! WHY AM  
I LIKE THIS?! A CORPSE... A ZOMBIE  
WITH THE MIND, THE THOUGHTS OF  
A LIVING MAN!

T-THE SPELL...  
IT ONLY WORKED IN  
PART... DIDN'T  
RESTORE YOUR  
B-BODY...!





THE THING THAT IS BOTH LIVING  
MAN AND GRAVEYARD ENTITY  
**ATTACKS**... LUNGES INTO  
BLOWS WIELDED WITH  
STARSPAWNED STRENGTH AND  
SKILL... AND **LAUGHS!**

**USELESS... ! YOU  
MAY SLOW ME, BUT YOU  
CANNOT STOP ME. NO MORE  
THAN THE OTHERS DID, NO  
MORE THAN THE OLD ONE  
YOU HOPE TO SAVE WILL  
AFTER YOU DIE!**



AND IN A FIERY HALO, PAPA VOUDOU  
DIES HIS SECOND DEATH. AND IF THE  
SPIRIT THAT WAS TRAPPED IN THAT  
DECAYING FORM STILL SURVIVES,  
IT LIVES NOW IN ASHES AND DUST.

YOU... **SAVED** ME.  
I WHO HAVE DEDICATED  
MY LIFE TO STAMPING  
OUT YOU AND YOUR KIND...

THIS ISN'T THE  
**TIME** FOR RESOLVING  
OUR DIFFERENCES--IF THEY  
**CAN** BE RESOLVED, DR.  
VAN HELSING. WE MUST  
LEAVE HERE BEFORE --

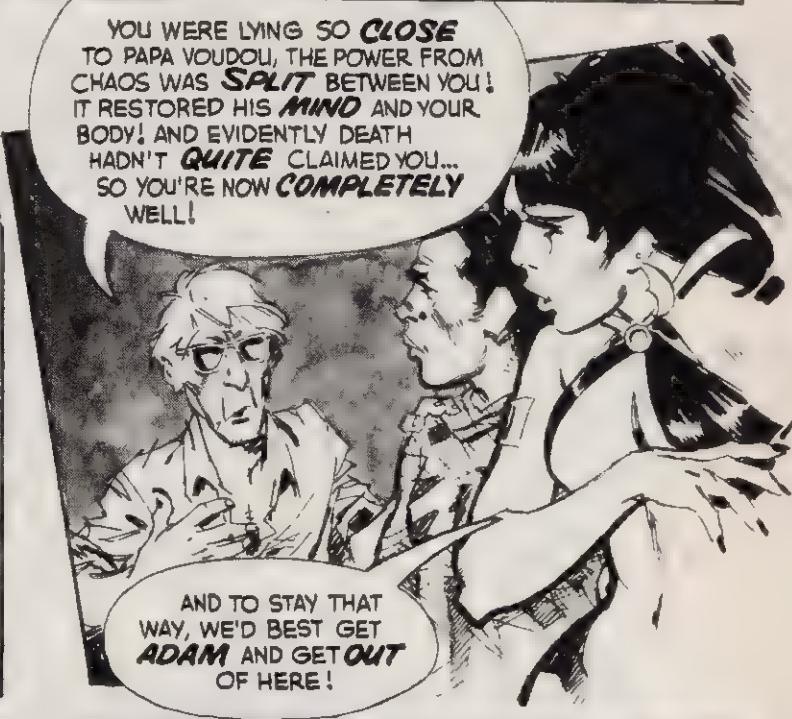
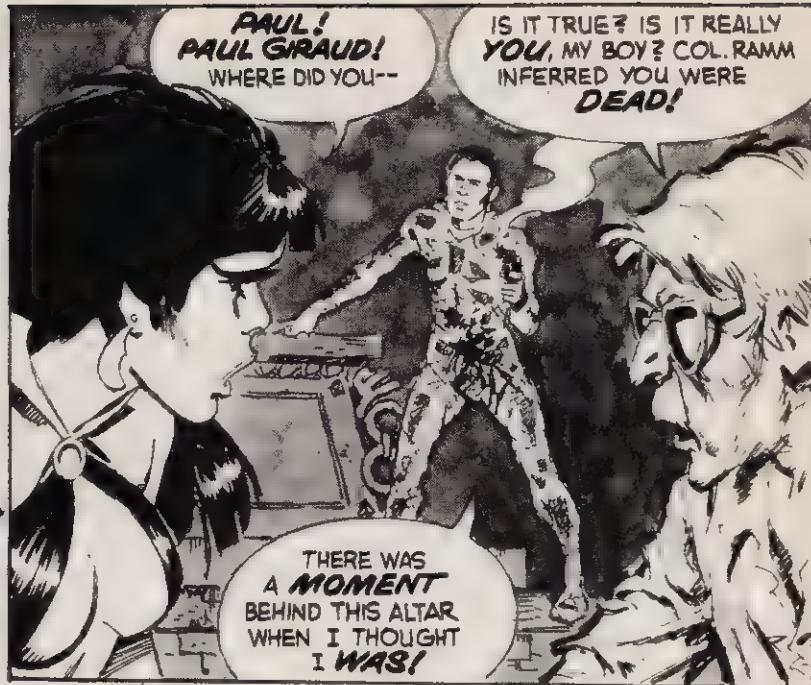
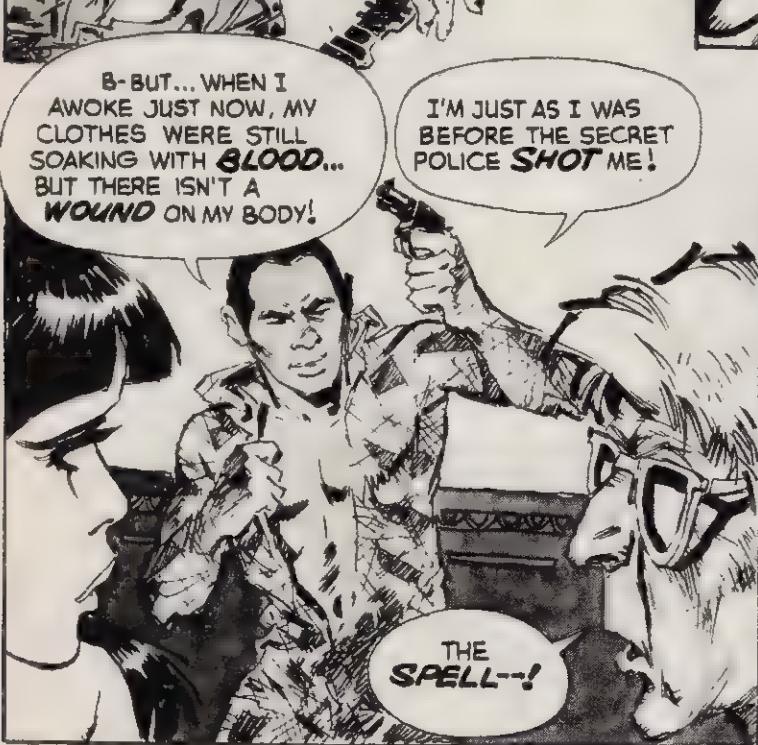


BUT AS THE FINGERS OF THE PALACE GUARDS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGERS OF THEIR WEAPONS...

KA-POW! POW! POW!

PAUL!  
PAUL GIRAUD!  
WHERE DID YOU--

IS IT TRUE? IS IT REALLY  
YOU, MY BOY? COL. RAMM  
INFERRED YOU WERE  
DEAD!



A SHORT TIME LATER, AS DAWN'S FIRST LIGHT REACHES TO TOUCH  
CÔTE DE SOLEIL... AN AMBULANCE LEAVES THE ROYAL PALACE.

YOUR WAY WITH  
**HYPNOTISM** DID MORE  
FOR US THAN A TROOP OF  
**GUERRILLAS**,  
VAMPIRELLA...

BUT WE WON'T HAVE TO BE  
FUGITIVES LONG. ONCE WORD  
IS OUT THAT DOMINIQUE AND  
RAMM ARE DEAD, THE HOLD  
OF THE VALIER FACTION ON  
OUR GOVERNMENT WILL  
**CRUMBLE**!

SO WITHIN THE INTERIOR OF THE SPEEDING VEHICLE THERE SETTLES A FORM OF **PEACE**... AND AN UNSPOKEN **TRUCE** BETWEEN A GIRL FROM THE STARS AND THE STERN OLD MAN WHO HAS SWORN TO KILL HER!

BUT HOW LONG WILL THIS **LAST**? UNTIL HE NO LONGER HAS TO BE CONCERNED FOR **ADAM** AND CAN TURN HIS THOUGHTS TO **ME**?

PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO FIND PENDRAGON AND **LEAVE**... BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, BEFORE I PIT THE MAN I LOVE AGAINST HIS **FATHER**, AGAIN!

**EPILOGUE:** ELSEWHERE IN CÔTE DE SOLEIL, IN ITS NARROW BACKSTREETS, THE FIRST LIGHT DOESN'T PENETRATE... FOR THOSE WANDERING HERE, IT IS STILL NIGHT.

DAMMIT, MAN... GET **HOLD** OF YOURSELF! YOU MUST DO **SOMETHING** TO HELP VAMPIRELLA AND THE OTHERS! IF ONLY I **KNEW** SOMEONE HERE...

MR. PENDRAGON!

I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR SOME **TIME**, MR. PENDRAGON. I TOO HAVE CONCERN FOR YOUR **FRIENDS**. HOW FORTUNATE YOU WANDERED **MY WAY**...

W-WHO...?

YOU HAVE THE **ADVANTAGE**, SIR. I DON'T KNOW YOU.

YET AT A **GLANCE** YOU CAN TELL I WILL **HELP** YOU... THAT IT IS **SAFE** TO **TRUST** ME, CAN'T YOU? JUST LOOK INTO MY **EYES**...

YES, I TRUST YOU. I WILL GO WITH YOU, MISTER-- MISTER--

I HAVE HAD MANY NAMES AT MANY TIMES, MY FRIEND. BUT I FIND I CONSISTANTLY CLING TO THE **OLDEST** ONE... I AM **COUNT DRACULA**!

AND THE TALL MAN, THE AGELESS MAN, SILENTLY LEADS PENDRAGON INTO THE SHADOWS. SHADOWS THAT ARE LONG AND STRETCH FAR. SHADOWS THAT WILL SOON TOUCH THE GIRL IN A WORLD NOT HER OWN... **VAMPIRELLA!**  
**NEXT ISSUE:** "... AND BE A BRIDE OF CHAOS!"

ARE YOU BEHIND IN YOUR VAMPI

# BACK ISSUES COLLECTION?

HERE'S THE CHANCE TO BRING YOUR

# VAMPIRELLA

ISSUES UP TO DATE NOW!

(...THEY'LL BE VALUABLE TOMORROW)

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VAMPIRELLA #6



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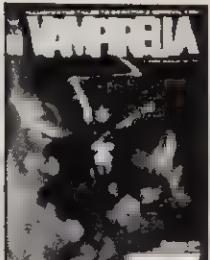
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VAMPIRELLA #9



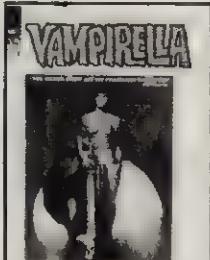
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YOU'RE MISSING OUT ON A FABULOUS ARRAY OF STORIES BY THE GREATEST ARTISTS  
& WRITERS ALIVE! LATCH ON TO THESE TREASURES NOW BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE!

GET THE EARLY ISSUES NOW, WHILE THEY'RE STILL AVAILABLE!  
YOUR COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE AT ALL WITHOUT EVERY ISSUE OF VAMPIRELLA!

GET WITH IT !!

MAIL THIS COUPON

**TODAY!**

DON'T WAIT! DO IT NOW!

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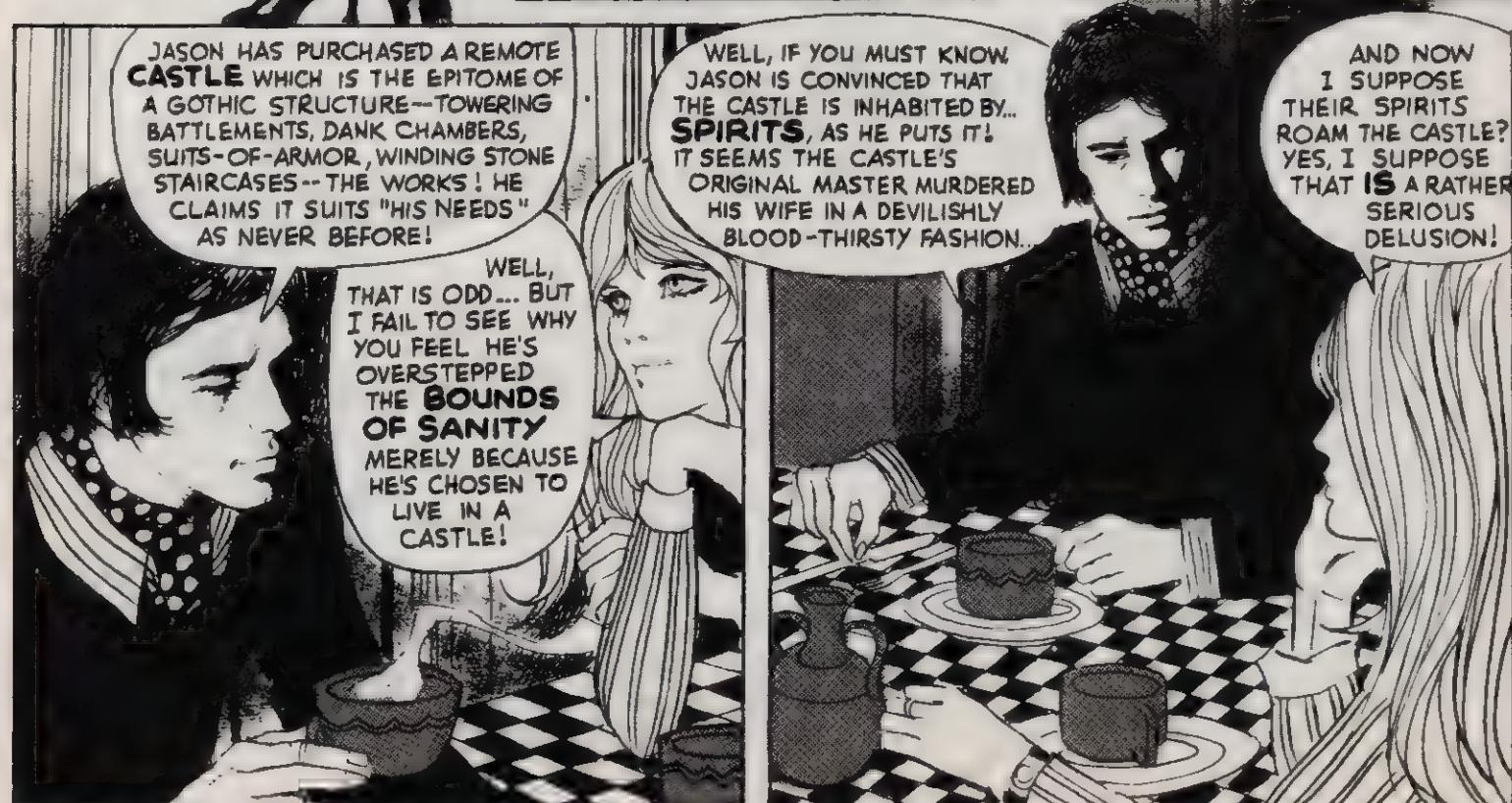
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HERE'S A LITTLE  
TRIP DOWN MEMORY  
LANE WHICH SHOULD  
LEAVE YOU FEELING  
PRETTY LIGHTEADED...  
MAYBE EVEN  
LIGHTEARTED!

"IT ALL STARTED AT BREAKFAST. THE DAY SEEMED DECEPTIVELY TYPICAL. ALREADY LATE FOR WORK, SIPPING FRESHLY-BREWED TEA AS RAPIDLY AS MY SCORCHED LIPS WOULD TOLERATE, I DISCUSSED WITH MY WIFE A LETTER I HAD RECENTLY RECEIVED-- A LETTER SOON TO INVOLVE ME IN A BIZARRE SERIES OF CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WOULD CULMINATE WITH THE APPEARANCE OF JASON SOAMES, AND..."

# QUAVERING SHADOWS



"I KNEW MY WIFE WOULDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF MY LEAVING ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, BUT I WAS FRANKLY CONCERNED ABOUT JASON. HE ALWAYS CHOSE TO BE ALONE. HE HAD NO WIFE OR RELATIVES AND AS I KNEW I WAS HIS **ONLY** FRIEND!"



"INASMUCH AS I DETEST THE DECEITFUL PRACTICE OF FEIGNING ILLNESS TO OBTAIN A FREE AFTERNOON, THE REFRESHINGLY OPEN METHOD OF REQUESTING AN EARLY LEAVE-OF-ABSENCE FROM MY SUPERIOR LEFT MY CONSCIENCE ENTIRELY FREE OF NAGGING GUILT. SO IT WAS THAT I MOTORED DOWN THE TREE-FLANKED COUNTRY LANES OUTSIDE OF LONDON ON MY WAY TO VISIT JASON SOAMES, ECCENTRIC EXTRAORDINARY..."

YES! I'M QUITE WORRIED ABOUT HIM! OH, HE RATIONALIZES HIS BELIEF WITH IMPRESSIVE PSUEDO-SCIENTIFIC JARGON, CALLING HIS GHOSTS "**PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS**", BUT THAT ONLY MAKES HIS CONDITION WORSE IN MY OPINION! HE WANTS ME TO VISIT HIM--TONIGHT! HE'S SO DESPERATE...

"WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD GO."

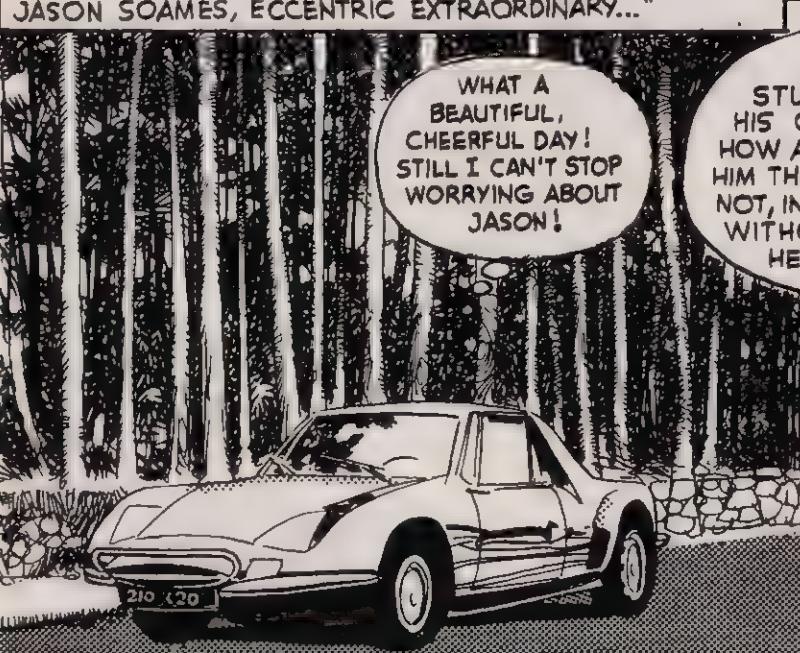
"SUDDENLY REALIZING HOW TRULY LATE I WAS, I SNATCHED UP MY BRIEFCASE AND HURRIED OUT..."

WHERE IS THIS CASTLE OF HIS LOCATED, ANDREW?

NEVER HEARD OF IT!

"IT'S NOT A TOWN; RAVENSWOOD IS THE NAME OF HIS CASTLE! GOOD-BYE! SEE YOU TOMORROW!"

"THE WEATHER WAS MILD, PERMITTING ME TO ENJOY THE BREEZE THROUGH MY COUPE'S OPEN WINDOWS, AND MARRED ONLY BY THE PARTIAL SHADOW OF AN OVERCAST GREY FROM A SLIGHTLY OMINOUS CLOUDBANK TO THE WEST..."



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, CHEERFUL DAY! STILL I CAN'T STOP WORRYING ABOUT JASON!

JASON IS STUBBORN ABOUT HIS CONVICTIONS-- HOW AM I TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HIS CASTLE IS NOT, IN FACT, HAUNTED WITHOUT CLAIMING HE'S INSANE?



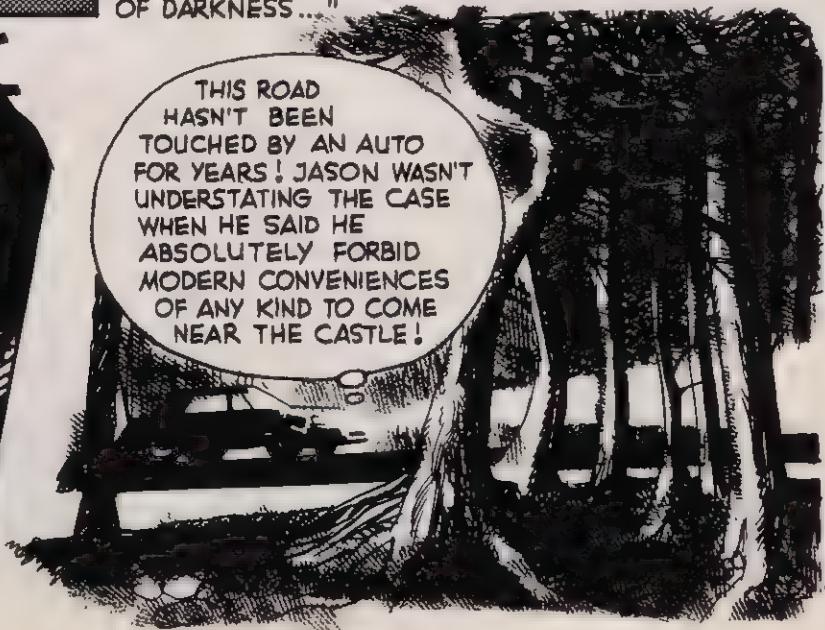
"IT WAS NEARLY DARK WHEN I FIRST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE TEMPORALLY INCONGRUOUS SIGHT OF RAVENSWOOD'S SPIRES OVER THE SWAYING TREETOPS..."



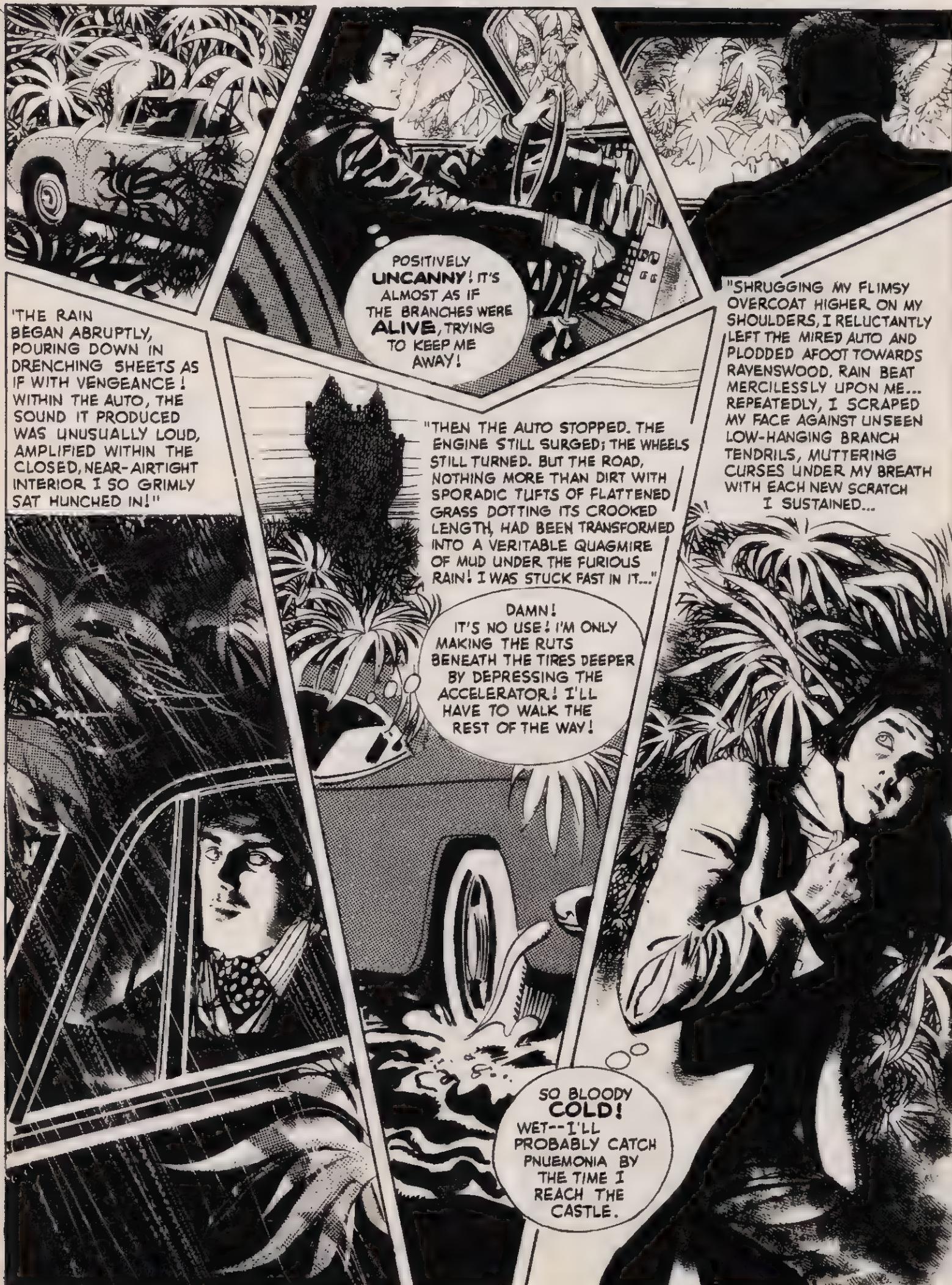
THERE IT IS! AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO RAIN...

"I TURNED DOWN THE NARROW ROAD WHICH LED TO RAVENSWOOD AND, AS RAIN THREATENED, I WONDERED AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CONTRASTS INDUCED BY THE OPPOSING STATES OF DAY'S LIGHT AND NIGHT'S CLOAK OF DARKNESS..."

THIS ROAD HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED BY AN AUTO FOR YEARS! JASON WASN'T UNDERSTATING THE CASE WHEN HE SAID HE ABSOLUTELY FORBID MODERN CONVENIENCES OF ANY KIND TO COME NEAR THE CASTLE!



"TREES WHICH, A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO, WERE BEAUTIFUL NOW TOOK ON A BROODINGLY MALIGN CAST. CROWDED THICKLY TO BOTH SIDES OF THE THIN ROAD, THE GNARLED BRANCHES HOVERED OVER MY AUTO AS IF REACHING OUT WITH GRASPING FINGERS TO CLUTCH THE METAL TRESPASSER. GROTESQUELY TALONED FINGERS CONTINUOUSLY RAKED OVER THE ROOF, HOOD, AND WINDSHIELD, CASTING EERIE SHADOWS UPON MY FACE..."



"FINALLY, SOAKED TO THE BONE, MY FACE A MASS OF IRRITATING SCRAPES, I STOOD BEFORE THE CASTLE! IT CROUCHED UPON A SLIGHT HILL IN BROODING MAGESTY, ITS TURRETS AND BATTLEMENTS JUTTING STARKLY AGAINST THE RAIN-SWEPT SKIES. FOG CURLED LANGUIDLY AROUND ITS STONE FOUNDATIONS..."

F-F-FREEZING!  
M-M-MUST G-GET  
INSIDE!

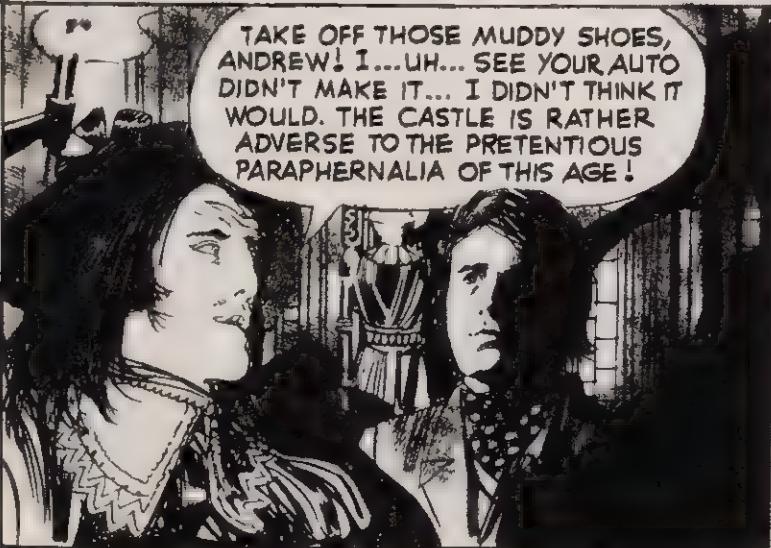
"AFTER RAPPING THE TARNISHED BRASS KNOCKER THREE TIMES I WATCHED THE MASSIVE OAKEN DOOR, IN FASCINATION, AS IT SLOWLY CREAKED INWARD UPON RUSTY HINGES TO REVEAL JASON--DRESSED IN THE CLOTHING OF THREE CENTURIES PAST!

ANDREW!  
YOU'VE MADE IT!  
COME IN-- YOU'RE  
SOAKED!

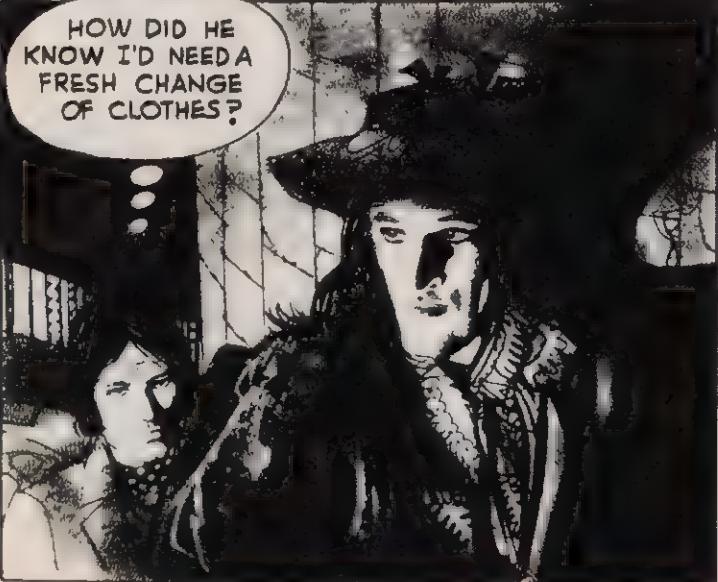


"JASON LOOKED QUITE WELL--AND QUITE SANE. I SUPPOSE I HAD BEEN EXPECTING A RODERICK USHER TYPE, PALE AND GAUNT, WITH LEERINGLY MAD EYES..."

TAKE OFF THOSE MUDDY SHOES, ANDREW! I...UH... SEE YOUR AUTO DIDN'T MAKE IT... I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD. THE CASTLE IS RATHER ADVERSE TO THE PRETENTIOUS PARAPHERNALIA OF THIS AGE!



HOW DID HE  
KNOW I'D NEED A  
FRESH CHANGE  
OF CLOTHES?

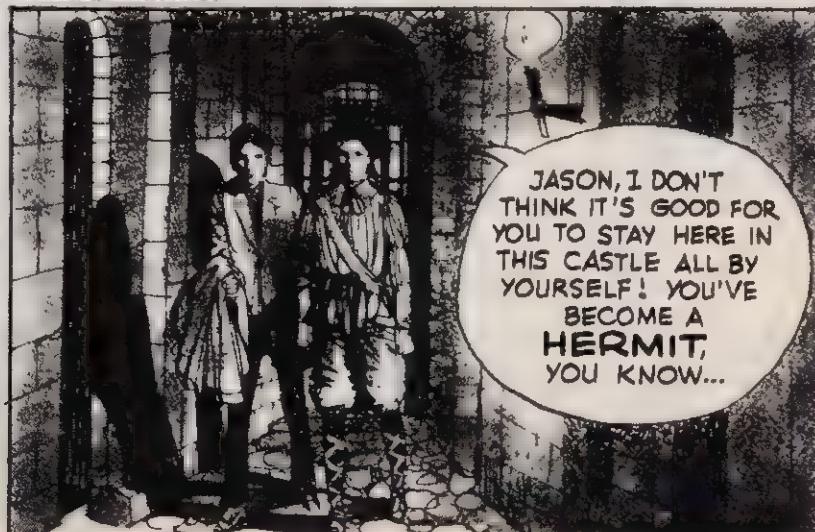


HOW HIGHLY YOU  
TREASURE SANITY,  
ANDREW! BUT, LATER!  
RIGHT NOW, LET ME SHOW  
YOU TO YOUR ROOM. I  
HAVE PROVIDED A FRESH  
CHANGE OF CLOTHING



"JASON TURNED RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND LET ME DOWN A LONG, TORCH-LINED CORRIDOR WHOSE LENGTH WAS BROKEN OCCASIONALLY BY WOODEN DOORS TO EACH SIDE...

JASON, I DON'T  
THINK IT'S GOOD FOR  
YOU TO STAY HERE IN  
THIS CASTLE ALL BY  
YOURSELF! YOU'VE  
BECOME A  
HERMIT,  
YOU KNOW...



"AND THEN, JASON, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD IN HIS 17th-CENTURY CLOTHING LIKE THE ORIGINAL LORD OF RAVENSWOOD CASTLE, TURNED TO ME AND SAID..."

NOW, I DIDN'T SAY THAT, JASON...

NEVER MIND, ANDREW. WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER--AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN ME A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT I'M NOT INSANE!... AFTER YOU'VE SEEN THE EVIDENCE WITH YOUR OWN EYES! HERE... YOUR CLOTHING.



AFTER YOU'VE CHANGED, MEET ME DOWNSTAIRS IN THE DINING HALL. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU'VE HAD DUCK ROASTED ON AN HONEST FIRE INSTEAD OF BAKED IN AN OVEN?

VERY WELL, JASON. BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRYING ALL THIS JUST A BIT TOO FAR? I MEAN, KEEPING THIS CASTLE EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN THE 17th. CENTURY?

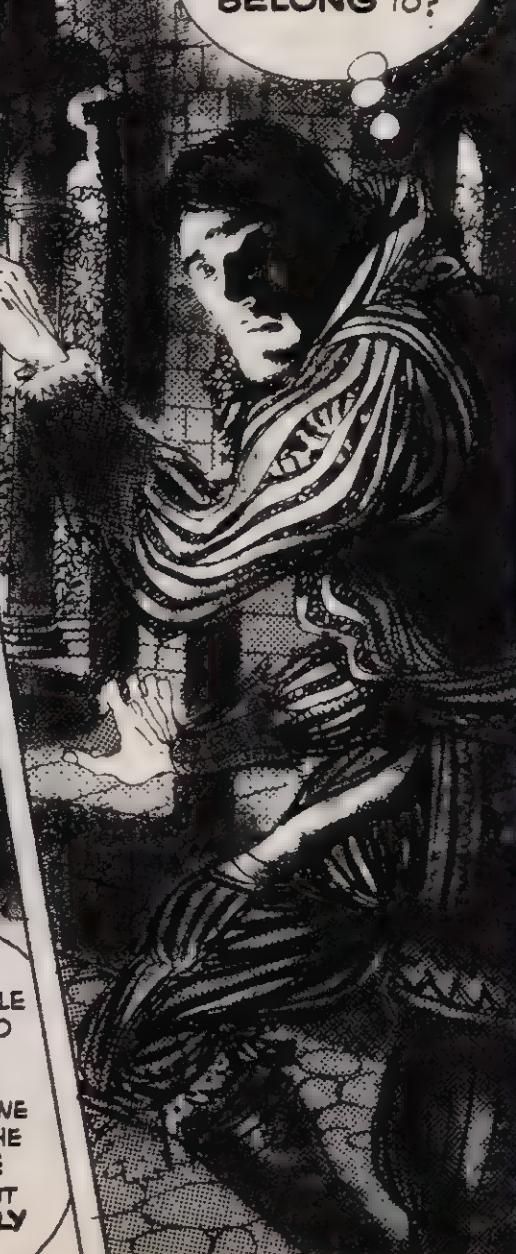
"BUT JASON HAD GONE, LEAVING MY QUESTION UNANSWERED. IT WAS AFTER I HAD CHANGED AND SET OUT FOR THE DINING HALL THAT I FIRST NOTICED THE EFFECTS OF MY EXPOSURE TO THE STORM..."

"PAUSING AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, I HEARD THE FAINT BUT UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS OF VOICES--ONE HIGH, THE OTHER MUCH LOWER PITCHED! I RECOGNIZED NEITHER AS BEING JASON'S...



FEEL SO... WEAK! THE WHOLE CASTLE SEEMS TO HAVE SHIFTED ITSELF--COULD HAVE SWORN WE CAME FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GO!

JASON SAID HE'S ALONE HERE! WHO CAN THOSE VOICES BELONG TO?



"PUZZLED, I STEPPED INTO THE VAST DINING HALL. THE VOICES CEASED ABRUPTLY! BUT EVEN THOUGH I FELT INCREASINGLY ILL, I IGNORED MY DISCOMFORTS AND PRESSED JASON FOR AN ANSWER..."

JASON, WHO WAS THAT SPEAKING A MOMENT AGO? YOU SAID YOU WERE ALONE..."

AH, GOOD! YOU HEARD IT THEN! I AM ALONE--AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE! THOSE VOICES WERE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE... SPIRITS... I ALLUDED TO IN MY LETTER. BUT, EAT! YOU SHALL SOON EXPERIENCE THINGS STRANGER BY FAR THAN THOSE VOICES!

"UNSATISFIED WITH JASON'S CRYPTIC REPLY, I NEVERTHELESS SEATED MYSELF TO THE MEAL. BUT THE EXCELLENCE OF THE ROAST DUCK WAS BEYOND MY APPRECIATION; MY ILLNESS, A RESULT OF MY TRAMP THROUGH THE MUD AND RAIN, PREVENTED ME FROM ENJOYING ANYTHING..."

"BESIDES THIS, I WAS HAUNTED WITH DISTURBING SUSPICIONS CONCERNING JASON'S SANITY--OR LACK OF IT..."

COULD HE HAVE BEEN CARRYING ON A TWO-SIDED CONVERSATION WITH HIMSELF IN TWO CONTRASTING VOICES? ADOPTING A DIFFERENT PERSONALITY AND SET OF MANNERISMS FOR EACH VOICE?

"THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, JASON BEGAN TO SPEAK, HIS VOICE SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF MY UNSETTLING REVERIE..."

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD EXPLAIN MY LETTER MORE FULLY, ANDREW. AND I SHALL BE BRIEF... THIS CASTLE IS HAUNTED BY A NUMBER OF SPIRITS -- PERHAPS POLTERGEISTS WOULD BE A BETTER TERM FOR THEM SINCE THEY HAVE SO FAR CAUSED NO HARM, CHOOSING INSTEAD TO PLAY HARMLESS PRANKS...

JASON, PLEASE DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF...

"THEN, QUITE WITHOUT MY RATIONAL CONSENT, I CONCEIVED OF GHASTLY VISIONS IN WHICH JASON WAS REVEALED GROTESQUELY SCHIZOPHRENIC..."

IS HE EVEN AWARE OF HIS PERIODIC LAPSES OF SANITY? WILL HE DO IT AGAIN -- IN MY PRESENCE?

JASON, YOU CAN'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS CASTLE IS HAUNTED!?

DO NOT INTERRUPT ME, ANDREW! AS I WAS SAYING, I'VE FOUND FURNITURE MOVED FROM ROOM TO ROOM, DISCOVERED BROKEN CROCKERY, HEARD VOICES, MUFFLED KNOCKING OR THUMPING NOISES IN THE NIGHT, AND OTHER PHENOMENA ASSOCIATED COMMONLY WITH PRANK-PLAYING POLTERGEISTS.

VERY WELL, ANDREW! **SHADOWS** ARE THE ONLY THINGS WHICH WILL CONVINCE A SKEPTIC LIKE **YOU**! FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS TO THE FOURTH FLOOR-- TO THE BEDCHAMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL MASTERS OF THIS CASTLE... WHERE THE LORD OF THIS HOUSE **MURDERED HIS WIFE!**

"AFTER A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS WALK THROUGH THE MAZE-LIKE CORRIDORS OF RAVENSWOOD CASTLE, JASON BECKONED ME TO A DARKENED ROOM ON THE CASTLE'S FOURTH LEVEL..."

HERE, ANDREW! HERE IS WHERE LORD RAVENSWOOD MURDERED HIS WIFE AND HERE IS WHERE YOU SHALL SEE THE **SHADOWS**-- SHADOWS WHICH APPEAR WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF ANY TANGIBLE OBJECT WHATSOEVER TO CAST THEM! GO IN WHILE I LIGHT A STRAW FROM THIS TORCH.

"SUDDENLY SEIZED BY AN OVERWHELMING DIZZY SPELL, I SAT WEAKLY UPON THE COUCH AS JASON LIT A STRAW ON THE TORCH WITHOUT..."

"AS SOON AS I SEATED MYSELF, THE DIZZINESS SUBSIDED. JASON WAS BUSILY LIGHTING TWO IMMENSE CANDLES SITUATED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE COUCH..."

"THEN, WITH THE EERIE LIGHT CAST BY THE FLICKERING CANDLES IN MY EYES, I WATCHED THE WALL OPPOSITE ME WITH RAPT FASCINATION AS THE SHADOW-SHAPES OF THE PEOPLE APPEARED ON THE WALL..."

LOOK!  
YOU SEE, ANDREW?  
THERE IS NOTHING  
BETWEEN THESE  
CANDLES AND THAT  
WALL-- AND YET  
THOSE SHADOWS  
APPEAR **EVERY**  
**TIME** THE  
CANDLES ARE  
LIT!

THERE!  
IT WON'T BE  
LONG NOW,  
ANDREW!

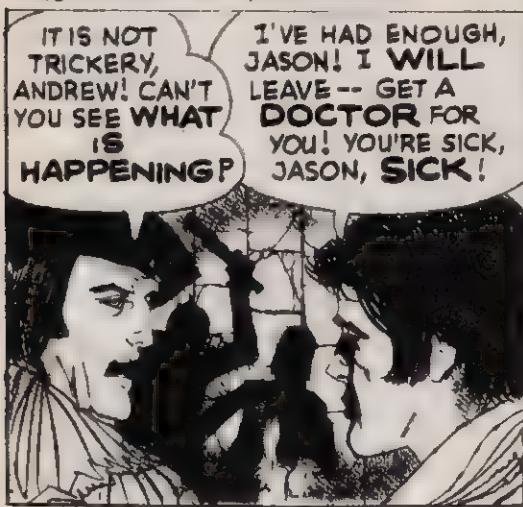
"EVEN THOUGH CONVINCED  
THAT THE SHADOWS WERE NO MORE A MANIFESTATION OF  
GHOSTS THAN ARE SUNSPOTS, I WAS NEVERTHELESS  
**COMPELLED** TO WATCH THE DRAMATIC TABLEAU  
WHICH WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE ME..."

OH, MY GOD,  
ANDREW! YOU  
MUST **LEAVE!**  
**IMMEDIATELY!**  
YOU MUST GO  
HOME!

IT'S  
**GOT** TO BE AN  
OPTICAL ILLUSION,  
JASON, CAUSED BY  
STARING AT THE SPACE OF  
WALL BETWEEN TWO  
MADDENINGLY BLINKING,  
FLICKERING CANDLES!  
DON'T EXPECT ME TO  
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS  
JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE  
DEVELOPED A WAY TO  
PROVOKE EYESTRAIN!

JASON,  
STOP THIS  
TRICKERY! I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH OF YOUR  
CAREFULLY PREPARED  
HOAX! **YOU'RE**  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THOSE SHADOWS,  
AREN'T YOU?

"EVEN AS THE LARGEST SHADOW DESCENDED UPON THE OTHER AND BEGAN STRIKING IT IN A VIOLENTLY CRUEL RAGE WITH SOME SORT OF BLUNT INSTRUMENT, JASON PROTESTED MY ACCUSATIONS..."



"JASON'S INSANE RAVINGS CONTINUED AS I TOOK THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS..."



"NOT UNTIL I REACHED THE SECOND LEVEL OF THE CASTLE DID JASON'S WAILING DIE AWAY... AS I WAS DESCENDING THE LAST FLIGHT OF STAIRS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR, I SAW THE ILL-DEFINED SHAPE OF A MAN BELOW ME..."



"INCREDIBLY, JASON STOOD BEFORE ME. I HAD LEFT HIM UPSTAIRS ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE!"

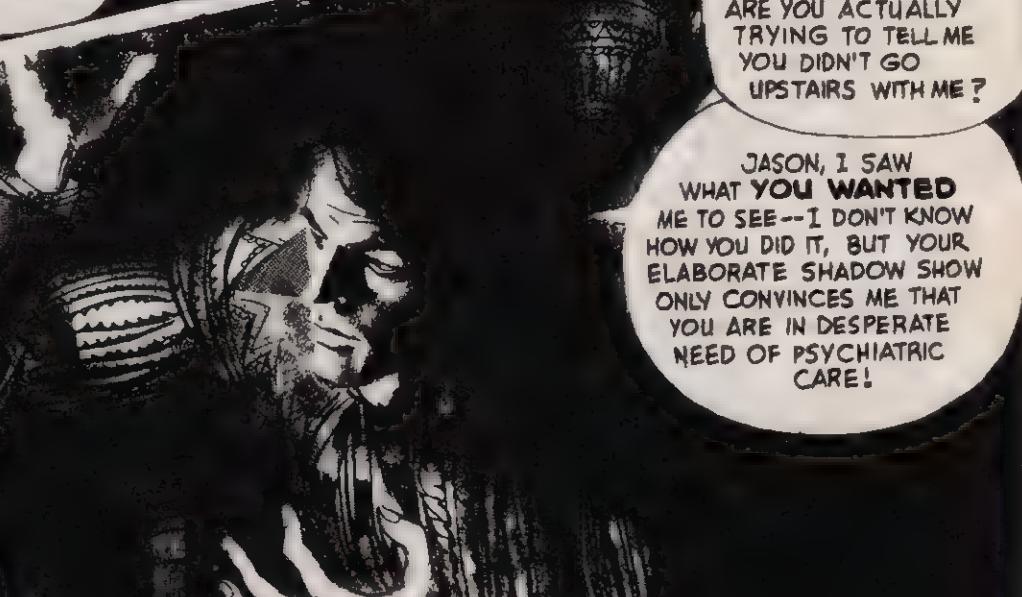
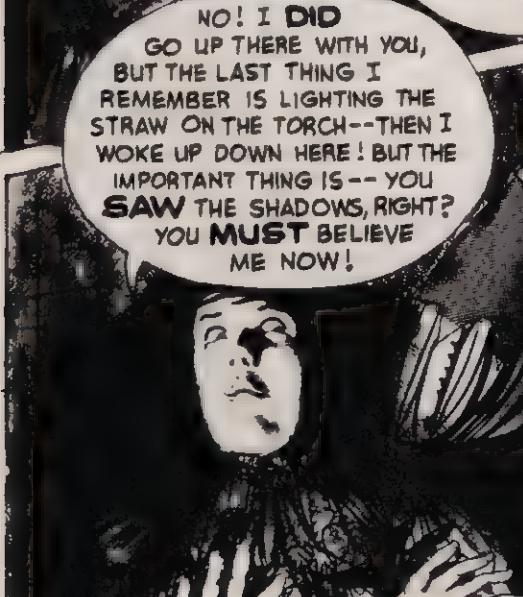


"ASSUMING THAT JASON HAD TAKEN SOME HIDDEN PASSAGeway DOWNSTAIRS TO APPREHEND ME, I WAS CONVINCED OF HIS IRREVOCABLE INSANITY..."

YOU SAW ME UPSTAIRS? GOOD LORD, ANDREW! I'VE JUST AWAKENED DOWNSTAIRS! I WAS ON MY WAY TO FIND YOU... THIS IS INCREDIBLE! FURNITURE HAS BEEN MOVED FROM ROOM TO ROOM BUT THEY'VE NEVER MOVED ME BEFORE...!



AS I SAID BEFORE, JASON, YOU'RE ILL! I'M LEAVING FOR HOME NOW. WHEN I GET THERE I SHALL SEND A DOCTOR FOR YOU! ARE YOU ACTUALLY TRYING TO TELL ME YOU DIDN'T GO UPSTAIRS WITH ME?

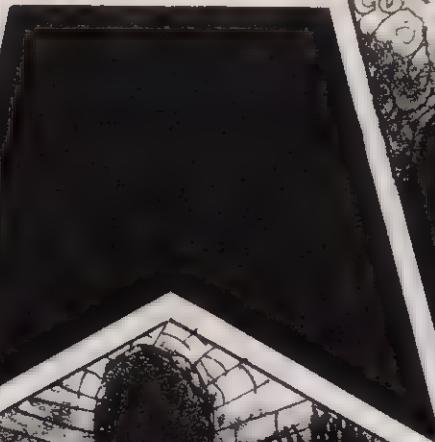


"WITH THAT, I TURNED MY BACK  
ON JASON TO LEAVE..."

"...AND THAT'S WHEN  
THE LIGHTS WENT  
OUT..."

"IN A NEAR PANIC, I STRUCK A  
MATCH, THE GLARE OF WHICH  
ILLUMINED:"

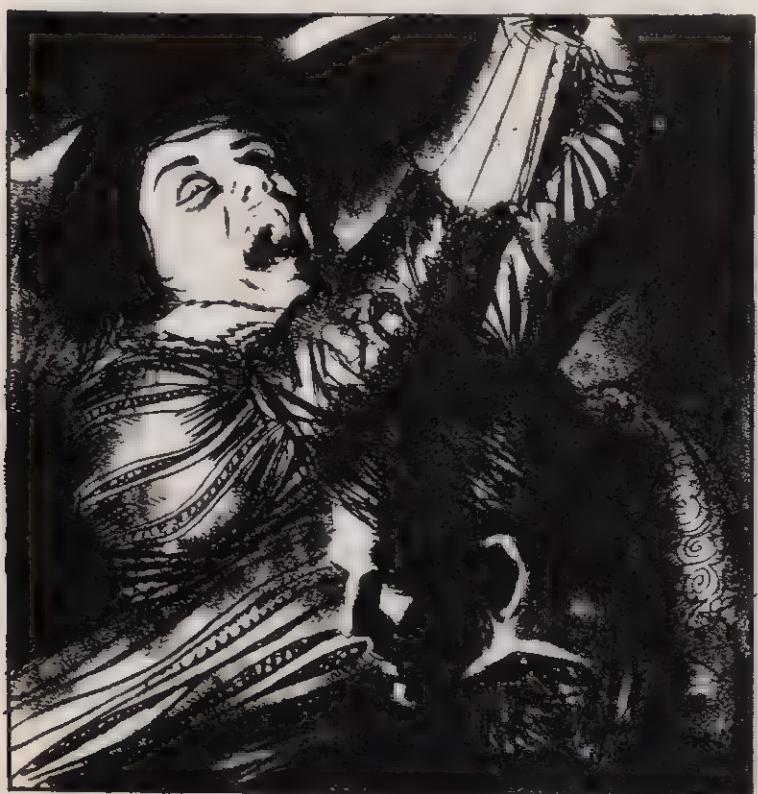
JASON!



"...RUSHING AT ME WITH  
UPRAISED CLUB, INSANE  
FACE!!



"THANKFUL THAT MY EYES HAD ACCUSTOMED TO THE  
GLOOM, I DUCKED JASON'S WILD SWING..."



"...AND FLED FROM  
THE CASTLE."

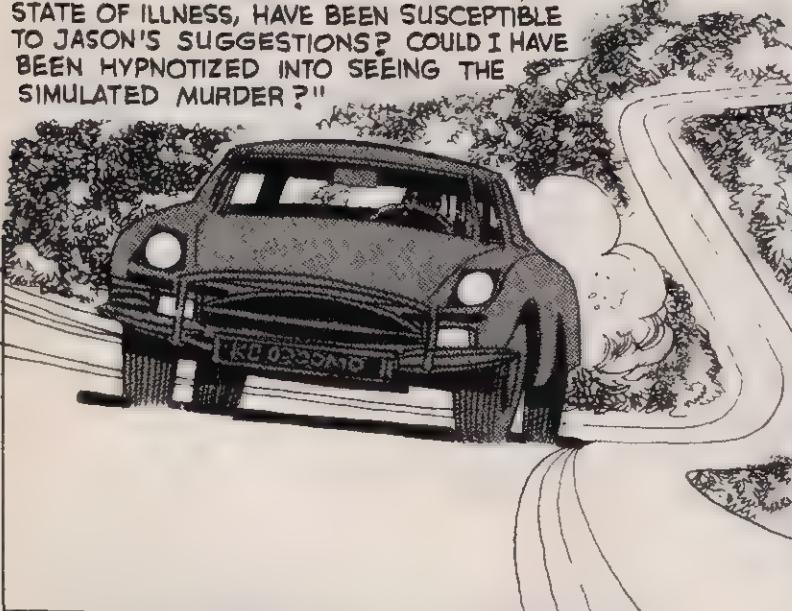


"THE RAIN HAS STOPPED, AND WHEN I REACHED MY CAR I COULD SEE THAT I WOULD BE ABLE TO CLEAR THE RUTS I HAD PREVIOUSLY DUG MYSELF INTO..."

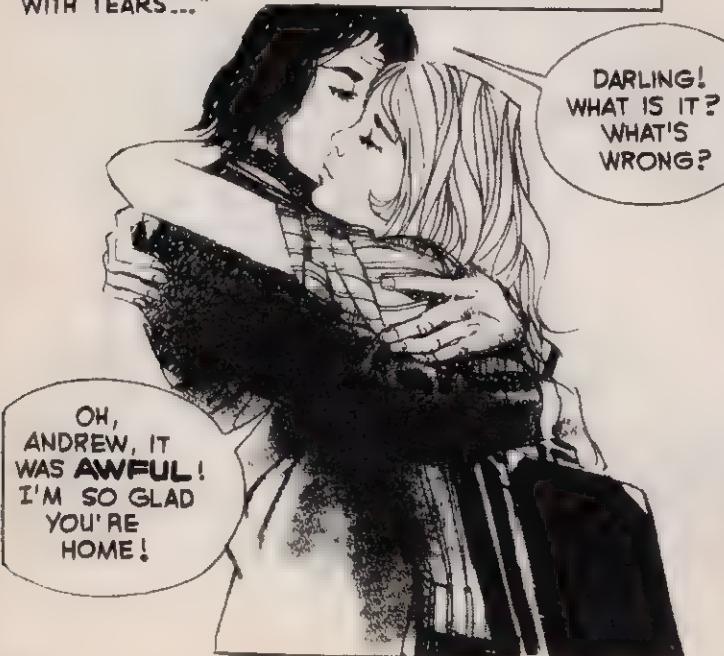
NO ROOM TO TURN THE CAR AROUND ON THIS NARROW ROAD, BUT AT LEAST THE RAIN HAS STOPPED! I'LL HAVE TO BACK ALL THE WAY OUT...



"SPEED LIMITS MEANT NOTHING TO ME. AS I PUSHED MY CAR TO ITS ABSOLUTE LIMIT, I COULDN'T HELP SPECULATING--COULD I, IN STATE OF ILLNESS, HAVE BEEN SUSCEPTIBLE TO JASON'S SUGGESTIONS? COULD I HAVE BEEN HYPNOTIZED INTO SEEING THE SIMULATED MURDER?"



"NO SOONER HAD I ENTERED THE KITCHEN THAN PAT RAN UP TO HUG ME FIERCELY, HER EYES RED WITH TEARS..."

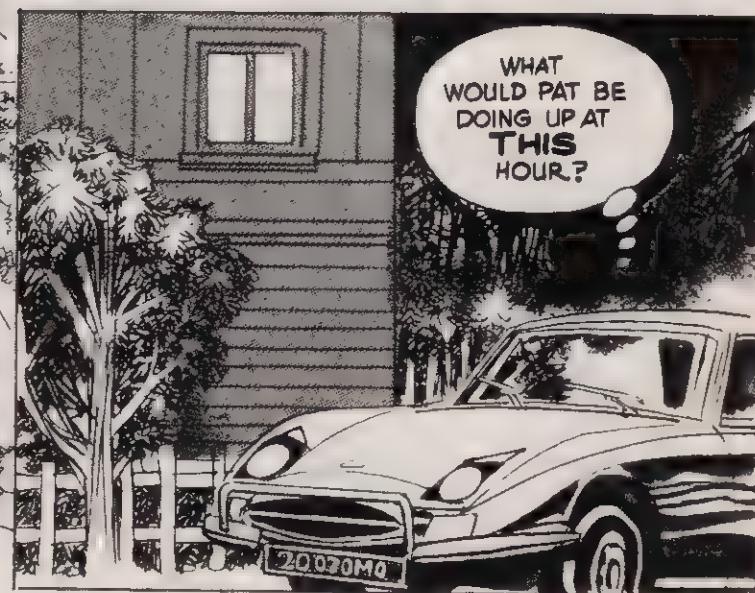


"QUICKLY, I CHANGED INTO THE SPARE SUIT I KEEP IN MY CAR, GLAD TO BE RID OF JASON'S 17TH. CENTURY APPAREL..."



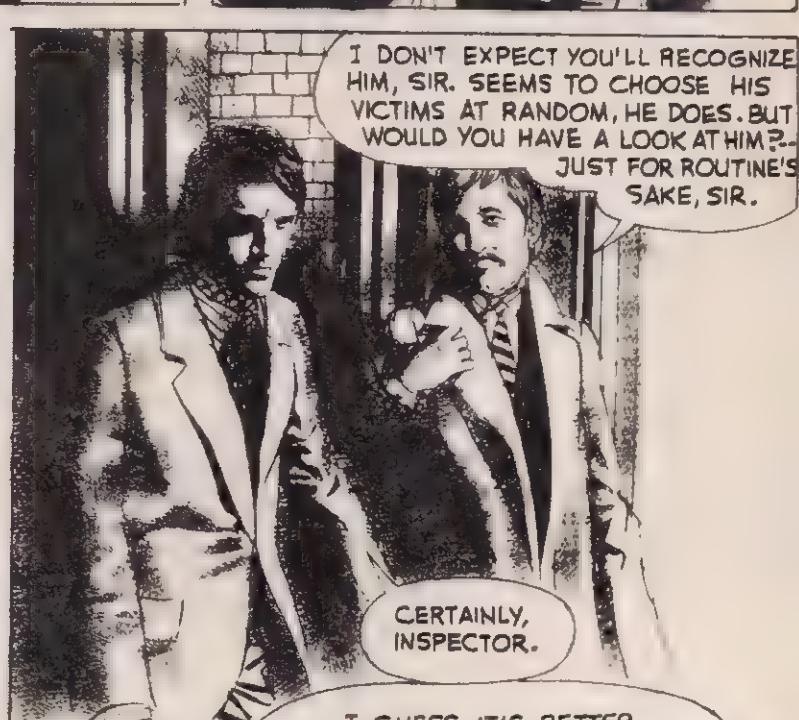
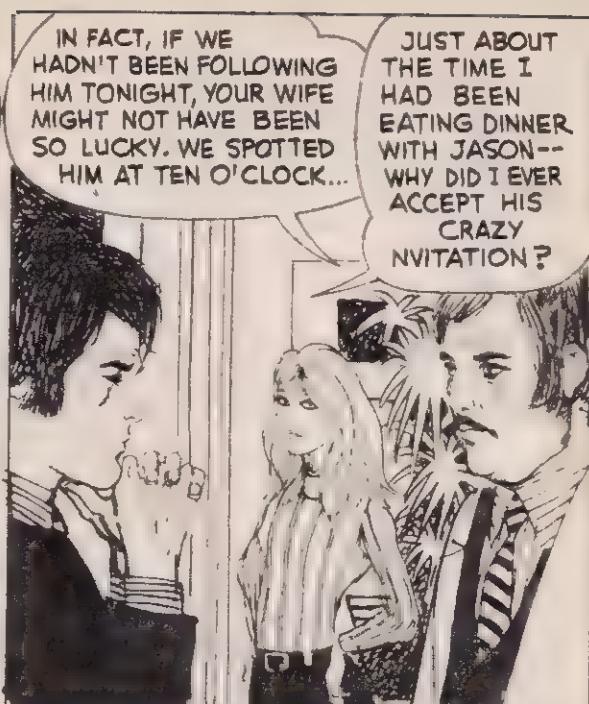
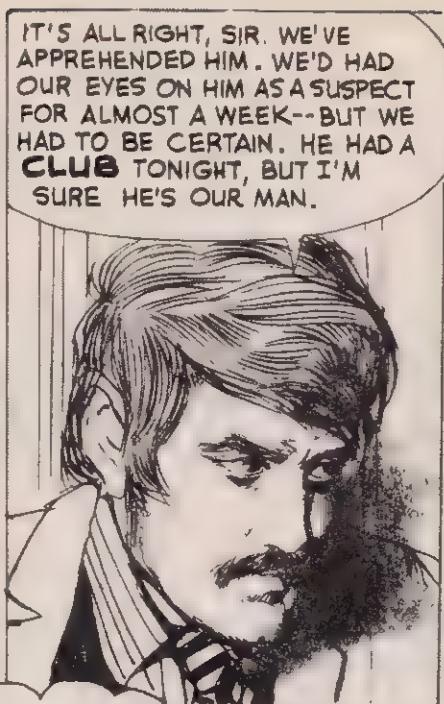
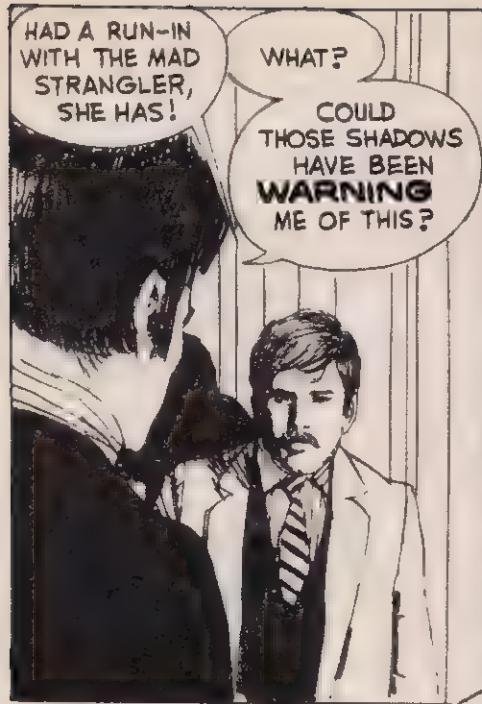
"IT'S FUNNY... UP IN THAT ROOM, THERE WERE SEVERAL MOMENTS WHEN I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT IT WASN'T JASON NEXT TO ME! MUST HAVE BEEN THE LIGHT PLAYING TRICKS ON ME... HIS VOICE WAS THE SAME, OTHER THAN BEING EXCITED..."

"INASMUCH AS IT MUST HAVE BEEN WELL AFTER FOUR A.M. BY THE TIME I PULLED INTO MY DRIVEWAY, I WAS RATHER SURPRISED TO SEE THE KITCHEN LIGHT SHINING BRIGHTLY THROUGH THE WINDOW..."



"THEN THE STRANGER ENTERED FROM THE LIVING ROOM..."





GREETINGS, FEAR FREAKS! THE WEDDING BELLS HAVE TOLLED, AND FRANK AND JENNY ROGERS ARE TOGETHER IN THEIR LITTLE BLISSMOBILE. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THEY'LL SOON BE NEEDING SOME NEW SHOCK ABSORBERS FOR...

# A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

A HONEYMOON... A STORMY NIGHT... TWO PEOPLE, LOST... A FLAT TIRE... A MIXTURE OF INGREDIENTS WHICH DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE FOR AN ENJOYABLE EVENING. BUT, AT LEAST YOU ARE THERE WITH YOUR NEW HUSBAND, JENNY ROGERS...

LOOKS LIKE OUR LUCK RAN OUT FOR THE NIGHT - WE'VE GOT A FLAT, AND NO SPARE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FRANK. WE CAN-

C'MON, JENNY -- WE'VE GOT TO FIND A HOUSE WE CAN STAY AT TONIGHT.

WE'D FREEZE TO DEATH IN HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO WALK DOWN THE ROAD TILL WE FIND A HOUSE.

Nebot

OH, NO, I'M NOT WALKING IN THIS RAIN! AND BESIDES, THERE ISN'T A HOUSE WITHIN MILES OF HERE!

OH, FRANK! WHY CAN'T WE JUST STAY IN THE CAR? WE'LL BE OKAY -

YES--YOU'RE VERY SURE OF YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU, JENNY? PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE OF THE FEAR YOU INHERITED FROM YOUR FATHER...

JENNY,  
ARE YOU SURE  
THAT YOU'RE NOT  
JUST AFRAID? IS  
THAT THE REASON  
YOU WON'T LEAVE  
THE CAR?

YOUR MIND STARTS TO REVOLT, BUT YOU STOP... YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--TWELVE YEARS AGO--THE NIGHT YOU WANT TO FORGET. A STORMY NIGHT--NOT UNLIKE THIS ONE. YOU WATCH YOUR FATHER...

DADDY,  
WHAT ARE YOU--

YOU NOTICED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG... YOUR FATHER WAS NEVER THAT WAY! SO YOU STAYED IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ATTIC-- WATCHED YOUR FATHER BEGIN AN AWESOME RITUAL...

AD  
AUGLEM!...CORAN  
EN SATANUM...O, DARK  
ONES! HEAR MY CALL--  
THE CALL OF YOUR  
MASTER!

JEN,  
PLEASE--GO  
TO YOUR ROOM  
AND DON'T  
BOther  
ME!

YOU REMEMBER THE FEAR...THE INSANE FRENZY OF THE LIGHTNING... AND THE STRANGE AURA WHICH FORMED...

THAT EERIE GLOW GREW EVEN STRONGER...FOR ALL THE SPELLS YOUR FATHER CHANTED, IT WOULD NOT STOP!

SATAN'S  
DISCIPLES! I  
COMMAND YOU--CALL  
BACK YOUR FIRE!  
RETURN!--RETURN!

AS THE CANDLE'S  
LIGHT FLICKERED, THE AURA CONSUMED  
YOUR FATHER! IT SURROUNDED HIM--  
AND FADED...

NO! NOOOOO  
FATHER!

IN VAIN YOU TRIED TO REJECT  
WHAT YOU HAD SEEN...

CCCCRACK!

DADDY?  
DADDY, WHERE  
ARE YOU?  
DADDY!...

YOU NEVER SAW YOUR  
FATHER AGAIN... NOT LONG  
AFTER, YOUR MOTHER DIED  
FROM THE SORROW...



YOU WERE  
PLACED IN AN  
ORPHANAGE-- YOUR  
LIFE WAS FILLED  
WITH PAIN. YOU  
COULD NEVER FORGET  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED  
TO YOUR  
FATHER.

YOU WERE OUT OF THE  
ORPHANAGE FOR ONLY ONE  
WEEK WHEN YOU MET FRANK--  
AND ALL YOUR WORRIES  
SEEMED TO VANISH!

FRANK ROGERS SWEPT  
YOU OFF YOUR FEET.  
AND IN FIVE WEEKS, YOU WERE  
WED...

YOUR WORRIES WERE A WORLD  
AWAY WHEN YOU LEFT ON YOUR  
HONEYMOON.



TEARS FORM IN YOUR EYES AT THE THOUGHT...YOU TRY TO BRUSH THEM AWAY SO YOUR NEW HUSBAND WON'T NOTICE...YOUR NEW HUSBAND...YOU THOUGHT THE TERRIBLE MEMORIES WOULD GO AWAY WHEN YOU MARRIED!

HEY, HONEY...  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

OH--OH,  
FRANK!

YOU TURN TO YOUR HUSBAND, SEEKING COMFORT...

OH, FRANK...I'M SORRY. I WAS THINKING--ABOUT MY FATHER--AND.

OH,  
JENNY--WHY  
DON'T YOU JUST  
FORGET ABOUT THAT  
GHOST-CHASING  
FOOL?

YOUR MIND IS IN TURMOIL--YOU HAD HOPED FOR COMFORT FROM FRANK--BUT INSTEAD THERE WAS BITTERNESS. YOUR HEART TURNS OVER--YOU WANT TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT YOU CAN'T...SHOCK LIES DEEP IN YOUR THROAT.

I THOUGHT YOU  
SAID THERE WASN'T  
ANY HOUSE  
AROUND HERE!

LOOK!  
THERE'S A  
LIGHT OVER  
THERE...FROM  
A WINDOW...

THERE  
ISN'T...AT LEAST,  
I--I DON'T  
THINK THERE  
IS. WHY?

COME ON.  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
LET US STAY  
TILL THE RAIN  
STOPS.

FRANK!  
... I ...

OH, FRANK--  
I DON'T WANT  
TO!

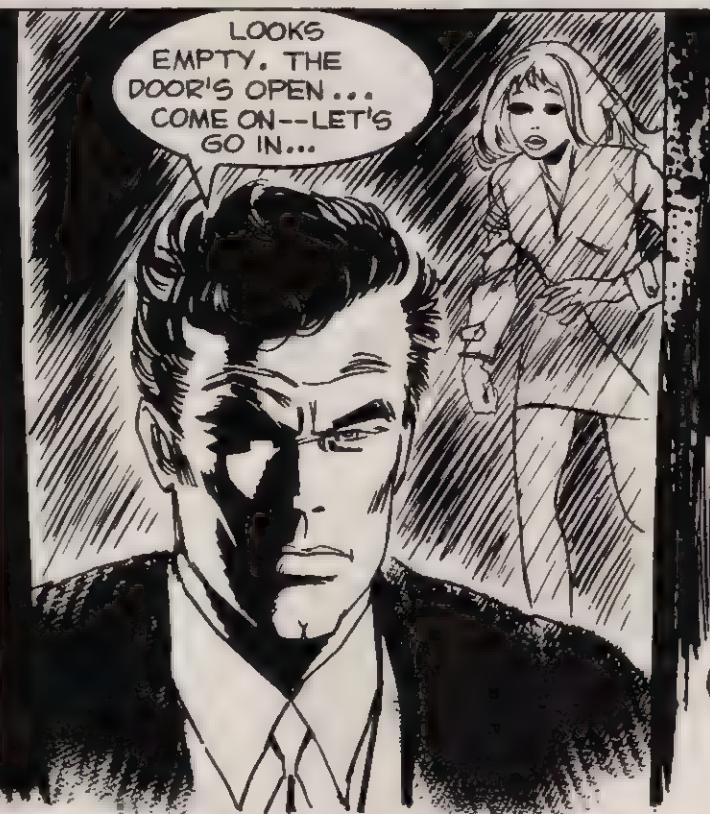
YOU ARE DETERMINED TO STAY IN THE CAR BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY!

YOU CAN  
STAY HERE...  
I'M GOING TO  
THAT HOUSE.

GO RIGHT  
AHEAD, MR.  
ROGERS.

YOU WATCH HIM GO...THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN YOUR HUSBAND FOR SUCH A SHORT TIME.

YES, YOU ARE AFRAID, JENNY ROGERS. BUT YOU ARE EVEN **MORE** AFRAID OF STAYING ALONE IN THE CAR... SO YOU FOLLOW FRANK, TRYING TO WELL UP TRUST IN HIM.



FEARFUL, FOR SOME UNKNOWN, UNSPOKEN REASON--YOU STEP IN. YOU FEEL AS IF THIS HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE... LIKE A DREAM.



YOUR MIND TELLS YOU TO RUN... **RUN!**... BUT FRANK IS YOUR YOUNG HUSBAND. YOU WANT TO TRUST HIM, FORGET ALL YOUR CHILDISH FEARS!

FRANK, PLEASE! LET-- LET'S GO BACK TO THE CAR!

JENNY, YOU... **COWARD!** YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER, AREN'T YOU? COME ON!

FRANK SEEMS **CHANGED**, DOESN'T HE?... HE FRIGHTENS YOU...

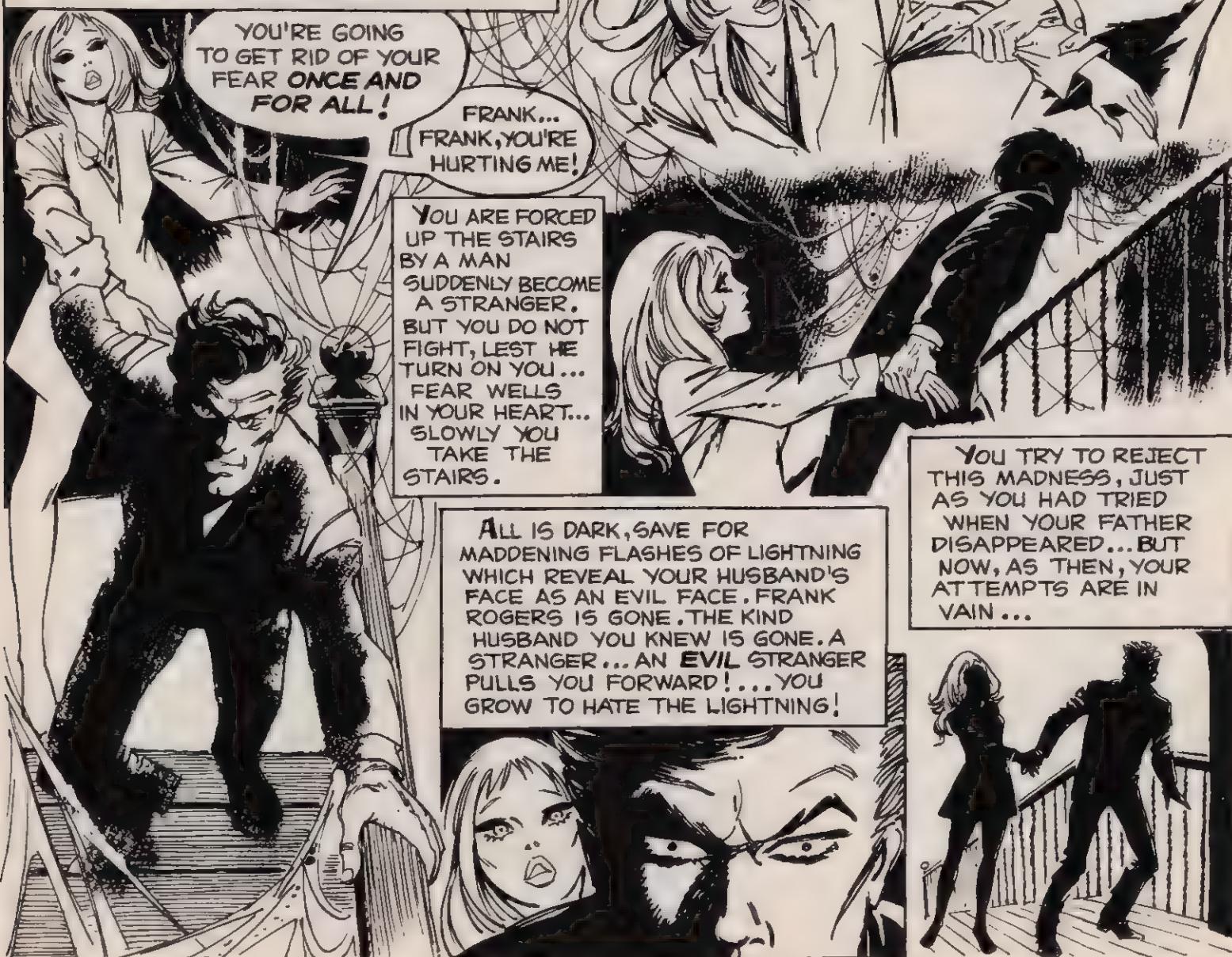
YOU'RE GOING TO GET RID OF YOUR FEAR ONCE AND FOR ALL!

FRANK... FRANK, YOU'RE HURTING ME!

YOU ARE FORCED UP THE STAIRS BY A MAN SUDDENLY BECOME A STRANGER. BUT YOU DO NOT FIGHT, LEST HE TURN ON YOU... FEAR WELLS IN YOUR HEART... SLOWLY YOU TAKE THE STAIRS.

ALL IS DARK, SAVE FOR MADDENING FLASHES OF LIGHTNING WHICH REVEAL YOUR HUSBAND'S FACE AS AN **EVIL** FACE. FRANK ROGERS IS GONE. THE KIND HUSBAND YOU KNEW IS GONE. A STRANGER... AN **EVIL** STRANGER PULLS YOU FORWARD!... YOU GROW TO HATE THE LIGHTNING!

YOU TRY TO REJECT THIS MADNESS, JUST AS YOU HAD TRIED WHEN YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARED... BUT NOW, AS THEN, YOUR ATTEMPTS ARE IN VAIN...



FINALLY, YOU KNOW YOU  
MUST SPEAK, OR DIE  
FROM THE GAGGING FEAR!

FRANK! STOP  
PLEASE!

SHUT UP!  
LOOK--THAT'S  
WHERE THE LIGHT  
WAS COMING  
FROM.

THE FEAR SURGES...AT LAST YOU KNOW THE  
REASON FOR YOUR FEAR!

THIS HOUSE!...  
OH, GOD NO! THIS  
WAS MY FATHER'S  
HOUSE! IT'S BEEN  
EMPTY ALL THESE  
YEARS!

YES,  
JENNY...

THIS WAS  
YOUR HOUSE, AND  
HERE--HERE IS  
WHERE YOUR  
FATHER DIED!

NOW...NOW YOU RECOGNIZE THAT GLOW...  
YOU STAGGER--AS IT DRAWS NEARER...  
FLAMING HIGHER, EVER HIGHER!

FRANK--  
HELP ME!

HELP YOU,  
DEAR JENNY?  
WHY SHOULD I  
HELP YOU...?

YES, THE AURA OF EVIL WHICH TOOK  
YOUR FATHER--IT BEGINS TO ENVELOP  
YOUR FRAME...AND YOU HEAR--FOR THE  
LAST TIME--THE VOICE OF YOUR HUSBAND...

AAAAAH! NO...

AND WHAT OF YOUR HUSBAND,  
JENNY ROGERS? IF YOU WERE STILL  
ALIVE, YOU WOULD SEE HIM  
RETURNING HOME--TO THE STYGIAN  
DEPTHES OF HELL!

YOUR  
FATHER DESTROYED  
MANY DEMONS  
IN HIS RAMBLINGS!  
AND LONG, TOO  
LONG, HAVE THE  
OTHERS WAITED  
FOR...  
REVENGE!!

THIS IS AN EXCELLENT  
EXAMPLE, MY DEAR  
FRIENDS, OF A MARRIAGE  
MADE IN HELL! AS FATE  
WOULD HAVE IT, THE  
NEWLYWED BECAME  
THE NEWLY DEAD...

THE END



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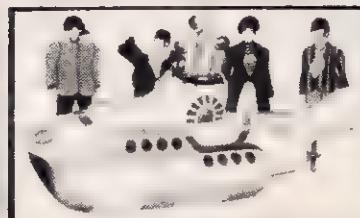
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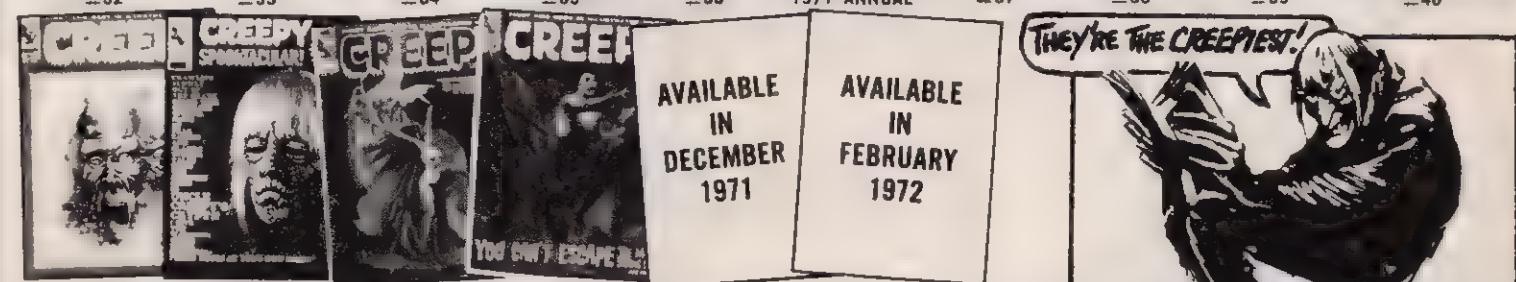
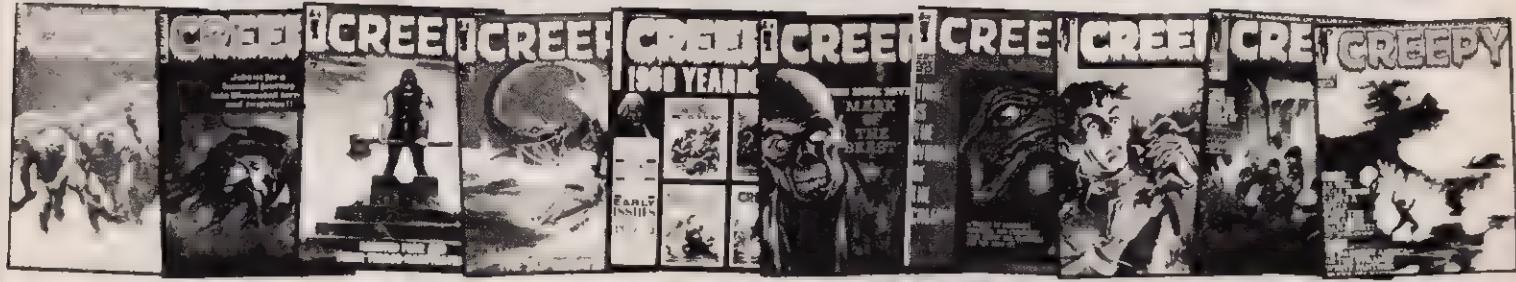
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# 1971 COMICON AWARDS GO TO FRAZETTA AND GOODWIN...

## CREEPY AND VAMPI WIN BIG! EERIE SICK! FANS CHEER WARREN KEYNOTE SPEECH!

### GONZALEZ, BRENNAN, WOOD HONORED WITH TROPHIES

Friday, July 2nd, was the day. Three p.m. the time. The setting: the 18th floor of New York's Statler Hilton hotel. The occasion: the second annual Warren Awards. Close to 1,000 fans were in attendance in the Penn Top, a ballroom arranged as an auditorium, as publisher James Warren announced the winners. Earlier in the day, Warren had delivered the Comic Art Convention's keynote address, excerpts of which appear on the following pages.

The award winners were chosen from the past year's issues of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. (CREEPY #'s 35 to 40; EERIE #'s 29 to 35; VAMPIRELLA #'s 7 to 12.)

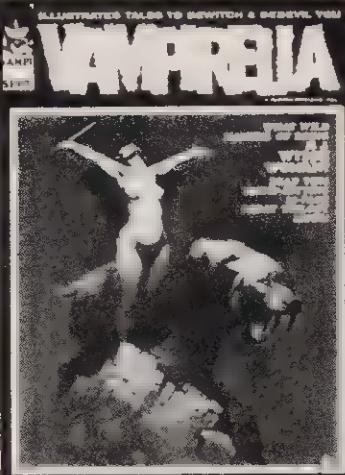
Receiving the Jack Davis cup for Best Cover was two-times-in-a-row winner Frank Frazetta for his cover of VAMPIRELLA #7. Frazetta won last year for the cover of EERIE #23.

Honored for Best Story was T. Casey Brennan for his "On The Wings of a Bird" from CREEPY #36, the sequel of which appeared in CREEPY #42.

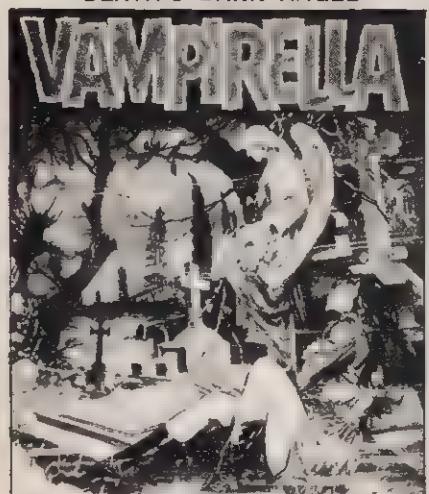
The Frazetta trophy for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Jose Gonzalez for his work on "Death Dark Angel" from VAMPIRELLA #12.

Recipient of the Best All Around Artist trophy was Wally Wood.

#### BEST COVER FRANK FRAZETTA FOR THE COVER OF VAMPIRELLA #7



#### BEST ART JOSE GONZALEZ FOR DEATH'S DARK ANGEL



The opening page of "Death's Dark Angel" from VAMPIRELLA #12. The story was the sixth chapter of the VAMPIRELLA series and marked the first appearance of Jose Gonzalez' work on VAMPIRELLA.

#### BEST ALL AROUND WRITER ARCHIE GOODWIN FOR THE VAMPIRELLA SERIES

One on to night windswept Midwain, a place to the world around traggling few and, the curious in toward

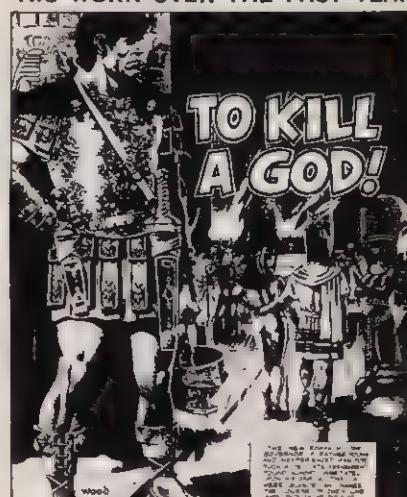
The lines are from "Carnival of the Damned" which appeared in VAMPIRELLA #11. Goodwin was honored for his continuing work on the VAMPIRELLA series. Goodwin took over the series in VAMPIRELLA #8.

#### BEST SCRIPT T. CASEY BRENNAN FOR "ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD"

lullaby, my feathered friend for me, but friend Ahzid, links he can fi op. . . . Do you eam, great stat Ahzid, I do n am. There was e, long as

The first few lines of "On The Wings of a Bird"—CREEPY #36, as they appear in manuscript. Author Brennan was presented with the Ray Bradbury cup for the surrealistic story, about a man in despair.

#### BEST ALL AROUND ARTIST WALLACE WOOD FOR HIS WORK OVER THE PAST YEAR



The splash page from Wood's "To Kill A God!" from VAMPIRELLA #12. The story was one of several Wood both illustrated and wrote which have appeared over the past year in CREEPY and VAMPIRELLA.

PHOTO PHIL BEULING, DAN PISARK, STEVE MARONE AND WILLIAM CHIN



Warren Award winners and their proxies from left are Mark Hanerfeld who accepted for Frazetta; T. Casey Brennan; Nick Cuti accepting for Wood; Billy Graham accepting for VAMPIRELLA artist Gonzalez; and Best All Around Writer Archie Goodwin. At podium is publisher James Warren, who received an award from the Convention.

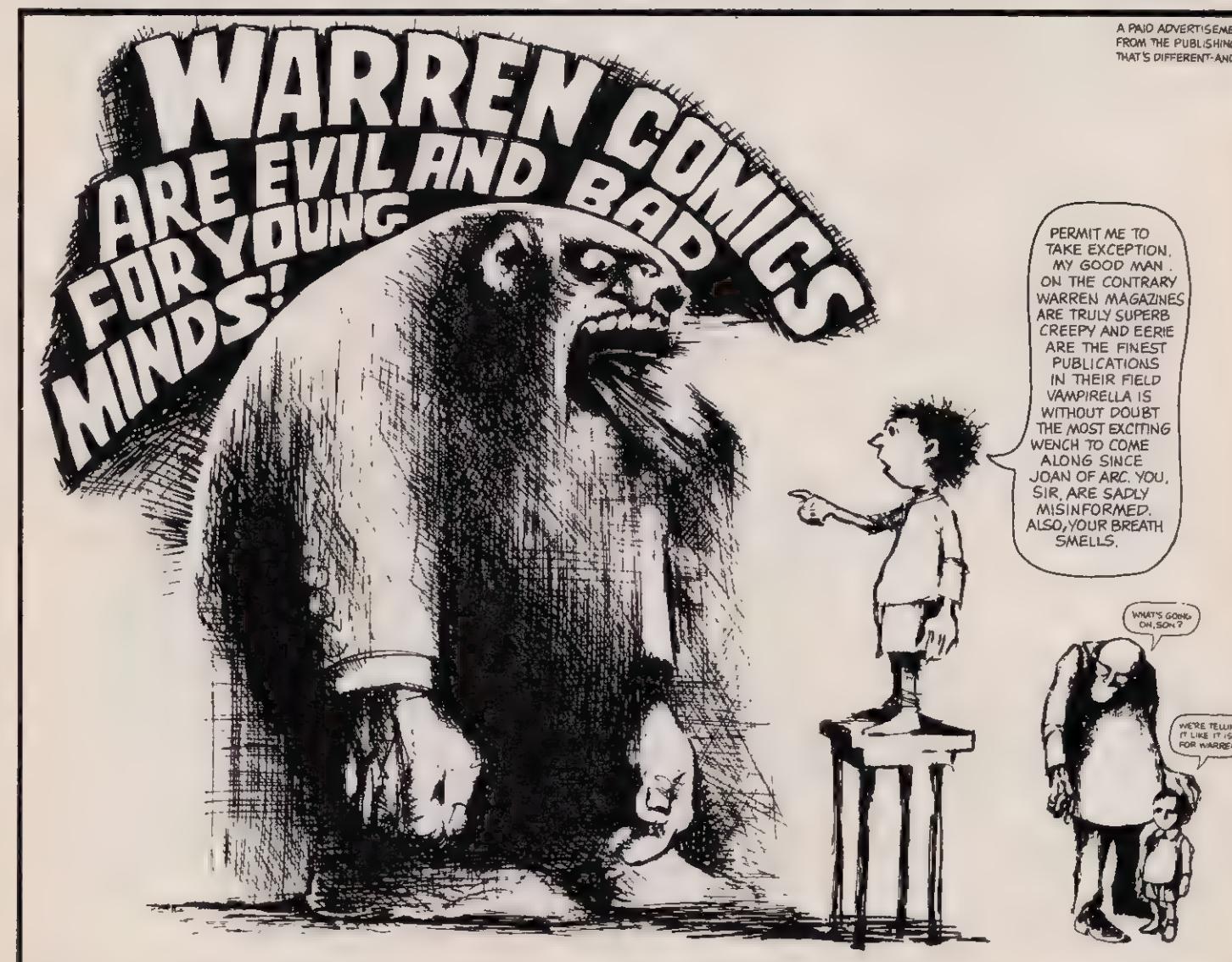
"What can you say about a 35-year old industry that's sick and maybe dying?" asked CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA publisher James Warren during his keynote address at the 1971 Comic Art Convention, paraphrasing the first line of the popular novel "Love Story."

He described the comics industry as one made up of six separate and distinct groups. "The first group is made up of the creative people—the editors, writers, artists, letterers, production men and colorers. These are the people most popular with fans. The people whose autographs we all want."

The creative people "speak to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery and fantasy surrounding our lives. They are among the most

(Cont. Next Page)

A PAID ADVERTISEMENT  
FROM THE PUBLISHING CO.  
THAT'S DIFFERENT-AND BEST



This cartoon ad for Warren Publishing was the center spread ad in the 1971 New York Comic Art Convention program booklet.

# 1971 COMICON AWARDS

CONTINUED



Taking questions from an audience of 1,000 fans is publisher James Warren. Managing Editor Billy Graham (seated) stares at vast sea of fans. Award trophies obscure Archie Goodwin.

valuable assets of any publishing company. But, they are at the same time—the most unmanageable bunch of egomaniacs who ever breathed air. They are at war with you, dear reader. You are the peculiar animal—the enemy—that must be assaulted and won."

"The second group is the printing plants and paper mills, the heavy duty guys. The comics publishing industry is one which depends mainly on discretionary spending for its livelihood. We are in the throes of a very bad recession now . . . a natural consequence of our economic system, which in spite of all its weak points, still works best for the overwhelming majority of our population. Two major comics producing plants have gone out of business in the last five years. You read about Lockheed and Rolls Royce but you don't

read about the printing plants. Printers will freeze up and will not commit income, labor, materials or capital investment during such a climate. And if they don't, publishers face rising costs when they do decide to publish. And, if the costs are high enough, the publisher simply abandons the new project, or the new magazine."

The third group is made up of the magazine distributors and newsstand operators. Warren described the fourth group as "the readers and the fans."

Warren described the fifth segment as "the general public, the critics, the comics code, the authority people. You can't judge a book by its cover and some people can't even judge one by its contents."

The sixth and last group making up the comics industry is the publisher. "It's a wonderful job for people who have never had a nervous breakdown but always wanted one," said Warren.

"The economics of narrow profit margins and staggering costs have forced publishers to wonder about their survival. The decline of comics was signalled by TV and sealed by the supermarket and the shopping center and the gradual disappearance of the candy store, drugstore and newsstand."

In closing, Warren tried answering the question he had paraphrased about a 35-year old industry "that is sick and maybe dying."

In presenting the award for Best All Around Writer to VAMPIRELLA author Archie Goodwin, James Warren said, "Anyone who has read our magazines for the past eight years knows who Archie Goodwin is. He's quite a talent! What a talent! He's got everything! He can write. He can draw. He can edit. He's beautiful. He's intelligent and he's lucky as hell to have me publish his stuff." Goodwin, then asked to stand, received thunderous applause from fans.



Speaking in Spanish, Billy Graham accepts the Best Art trophy for VAMPIRELLA artist Jose Gonzalez.



His trophy for Best All Around Writer firmly in hand, Archie Goodwin delivers short acceptance speech.



Con Chairman Phil Seuling (right) presented Warren with an award "for bringing vitality and challenge" to comics.



Holding the Ray Bradbury cup for Best Script—"On The Wings of a Bird"—CREEPY #36 is T. C. Brennan.

PHOTO: GARY GROTH

"When a few 1,000 fans show up every year at a Comics Convention, it's a good sign the patient may recover and live another 35 years. And guys like old Dr. Warren, tired and weary and racked with pain, will be encouraged by this and work even harder to make that patient strong again."

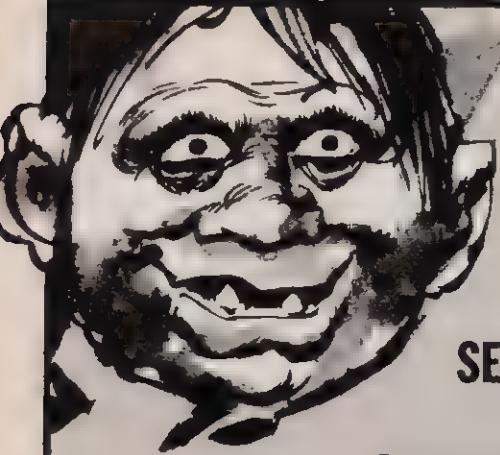
\* \* \* \* \*

A question and answer session followed the keynote and among other questions, Warren was asked about his comment at last year's convention that "as of January 1, all our magazines are going mail order, subscription only." Warren answered, "The world is in flames. We're having recession. Violence runs rampant. The nation's split down the middle and you ask me a thing like that. What happened is sort of an open secret now . . . My cop-out was that I didn't say which year."

Next, Warren was asked why black and white comics were not under the authority of the comics code? "Censorship," said Warren, "is at best a terrible thing, particularly when people in charge of the comics creation know what they are doing."

After the question and answer session, Warren was presented an award by ComiCon Chairman Phil Seuling "for bringing challenge, vitality and new concepts to the publishing of comic art."

END



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# VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

## PROFILE: BILL DuBAY



Artist and writer Bill DuBay, whose script "Metifa" appears in VAMPI'S FEARY TALES on the inside front cover of this issue, wrote a biography for us, which appears below.

Bill DuBay isn't your usual brand of housewife! Besides his daily chores of washing, cleaning and cooking, he occasionally finds time for two of his favorite hobbies—girl-watching and drawing comics. Carol DuBay, Bill's wife, approves of the latter and beats him profusely about the head and shoulders when he does the former.

When asked about his occupation, Bill states, "I wanted to be something that no other man on earth could claim—so I became a housewife! Of course, before I could do this, I had to find a wife who was willing to wear the pants in the family and work. I married a women's libber!"

Reassured that it was his occupation as an artist/writer for the comics we were asking about, and not his role as a housewife, Bill replied, "Heck, I was destined for a comics job from birth. You've heard of being born with a silver spoon in your mouth? No such luck for me . . . I was born with a comic book in one hand and a number two brush in the other."

Bill was born, and for the first eighteen years of his life, raised in the tough Mission district of San Francisco. His first comics job was cut short by Bill's uncle Sam who requested he come work for him for a few years. Unable to decline, Bill soon found himself the editor of a weekly Army newspaper, "The Fort Bragg Paraglide."

After the Army, Bill began work with Warren Publishing. Since then, Bill's scripting and artwork has appeared in such magazines as "The National Lampoon," The Aardvark Press and "The Aquarian Times." Besides his present work for Creepy, Eerie and VAMPIRELLA (his last full-length story was "The Frog Prince" from VAMPIRELLA #13—ed.) he also produces a daily comic strip entitled "Dube's World."

He is a firm believer in the potential of comics and recently finished a series of nine articles for "The Aquarian Times" on art as an educational medium.

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### RETURN TO NOWHERE

By Richard Lysaght/Benton Harbor, Michigan

In a gloomy and forgotten cemetery, a newly buried figure struggled to free himself. "My God!" the figure whispered, unbelieving. "I'm moving! My arms are responding. I've done what no man has ever done before me! I've cheated death! My will has triumphed over matter itself. I must escape this grave. I must. These rotted boards above me should prove no obstacle." Feverishly, he tore at the wormy splinters surrounding him. Dirt inched its way through the cracks. Suddenly, the coffin collapsed and he was covered with dirt. He clawed with animalistic fury in a frenzy to free himself. As each hand-held clutch of dirt was shoved aside, freedom neared ever closer. "I must get free! I can't be stopped, not when I'm so close. But . . . wait! I hear something . . . The wind! I can hear the wind! I have to keep digging! Have to break free!" He struggled with close to superhuman strength. "I can

feel it. My hand has broken through to the surface. I've almost made it!" he shouted, dirt falling on his face. A soft rain fell upon his weary limbs and washed away the dirt from his fingers. "It's been so long since I've felt the rain," he said, tears welling in his eyes. Then he realized it was not the rain. He looked at his rotting flesh and cringed. The bones of his arms were showing through the tissue. "No!" he screamed. My mind is still alive but it's trapped within a decaying shell of my former self! How long can I stay like this? This is a blasphemy of life. My soul has survived but my body belongs with the dead. I must let my soul be free!" As the rain beat harder on the cemetery earth, he felt his will slowly sapped. His mind seemed to be floating. His limbs relaxed and he collapsed. His body lay just above the grave and the rain washed the dirt from it in a pounding, rhythmic motion.

END

### REVENGE

By Kenneth Leggett Jr./Commerce, Oklahoma

Somewhere in England, a broken man stands at the foot of his wife's grave. He bends close to the ground and whispers to the unhearing dead. "I shall find the one responsible, my darling. I shall find him and revenge you, my wife."

Walking to the cemetery gate, he looks at the last few dying rays of the sun.

It is later that night and that same man, Paul Gilroy, is at home. A scream rends the night air. At that same instant, halfway across town, a man wandering lonely streets is suddenly attacked by a raging blood beast.

The next day, the townspeople set out in search of the beast. They made camp in the woods and spoke of the "Loup Garou" or werewolf legend. As they spoke, a monstrous figure neared their campsite. One of the farmers took steady unerring aim and fired at the beast figure. It fell and the campers ran to it. As the bullet took its effect and death neared for the werewolf creature, the beast underwent a metamorphosis. Paul Gilroy lay before them in the throes of death. He murmured, "Please tell my wife she is avenged. In killing me, you have killed the one responsible for her death. Her death is avenged."

END





Pen and ink sketch of VAMPI is by reader Tom Vaughn of Kansas. Good, isn't it?



T. O. Mears of Marlboro, Mass. asks if we approve of his version of VAMPI.

## DEMON'S CURSE

By Paul E. King Jr./Brookfield, Illinois

He forced the window open as quietly as he could and crawled inside. As he flicked on his flashlight, he stood revealed as Norman Powers, a man capable of great strength and overwhelming cruelty. He walked to the huge, ghastly painting of a guillotined Marie Antoinette. Sliding the portrait to the side, he saw the wall safe and began working at it. Finally, the last tumbler fell into place and the small safe door swung open. Suddenly, the lights shot on and the owner of the house, an old man called Brandorm stood before Powers. A portion of his silvery hair blowing in the night air, Brandorm opened his aged and cracking lips. "Take the money if you must but leave at once!" Brandorm shouted. "If you value your life, depart!" The dragon-shaped head of his cane shook as he stood there shouting.

"Is this some kind of a joke, old man?" blurted Norman.

Pleading, Brandorm said, "No. Please. You don't understand. The forces in this house can destroy you!"

"Listen well, old man. I want your money." He held the knife at Brandorm's neck.

"Don't kill me. Please! Have mercy. I must not bleed again. The curse of Karmari, the blood demon, is upon me! Many years ago, I was also a prowler. I dared to invade this house, not knowing it was his horrid domain. In vengeance, he appointed me keeper of the house until his return. My blood is cursed!" the old man said, shaking.

Blood trickled down Brandorm's jacket and poured onto the carpet as Norman slashed at him. Appalled, Norman stepped back, murmuring, "The old man must be a bleeder. If the police find me, I'll get the chair for sure!" Norman tried the front door but it refused to

budge. Brandorm lay before him, a quivering hulk. Norman shoved at the windows but they also were locked shut. In horror, he grabbed a chair and threw it at the bay window. The chair flew back against a wall, repelled. He ran up a high roll of stairs as rats scurried across his path. Suddenly, he recoiled in shock and fell to the floor, gasping for breath.

"Tremble, mortal!" a shadowy figure exclaimed. "Few people have ever seen me and those few who have have suffered 1,000 deaths. Karmari has returned! The gruesome apparition stooped over Norman and picked him up. He held Norman's body over a balcony. Half-crazed with terror, Norman looked down at the living room where he had left Brandorm. It was flooded with blood. Karmari had cursed Brandorm's blood and it flooded the house.

"Death awaits any who dare trespass upon my kingdom!" Karmari said as he threw Norman's body down the flight of stairs.

END

## FINAL LOG

By Robb Wilson/Grand Ledge, Michigan

I sit here by the broken remains of my spacecraft, looking out and beyond the rolling hills, the scattered shrubs and trees, waiting for the enemy. I have only been here a few days and yet I have already met some of them. Dozens of their mangled corpses are littered about my craft. I do not know how many more of them there are. They are ungodly creatures and look as if they come from an age long past on Earth. I killed many of them with my laser arc gun and with a sword I fashioned from the gun. Engine power is low now. There is not enough to take me off the ground. Sitting here, I do not know who is really responsible—the builders of the craft, the leaders who sent me here, or myself for not being more aware of what might happen. It is trivial to think upon that now. When those first few hairy beasts attacked, I fought back with an animal ferocity. Blood spattered my uniform as I swatted them off, shearing limbs clean with my sword. They had no more regard for themselves or their own people than my own people who have not yet sent a rescue ship for me. One of them bit me

END



Monstrous hands loom in foreground as village girl gathers her skirt in preparation for flight from shadowy figure in rear. Drawing was done by VAMPIRELLA reader Andres Bakells.

Vampi says

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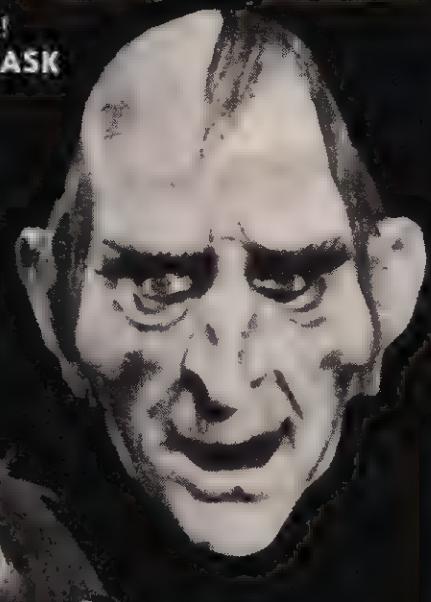
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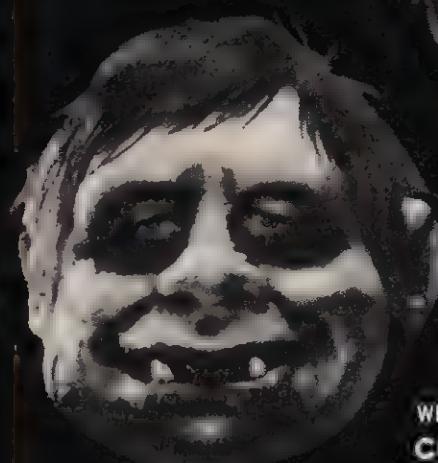
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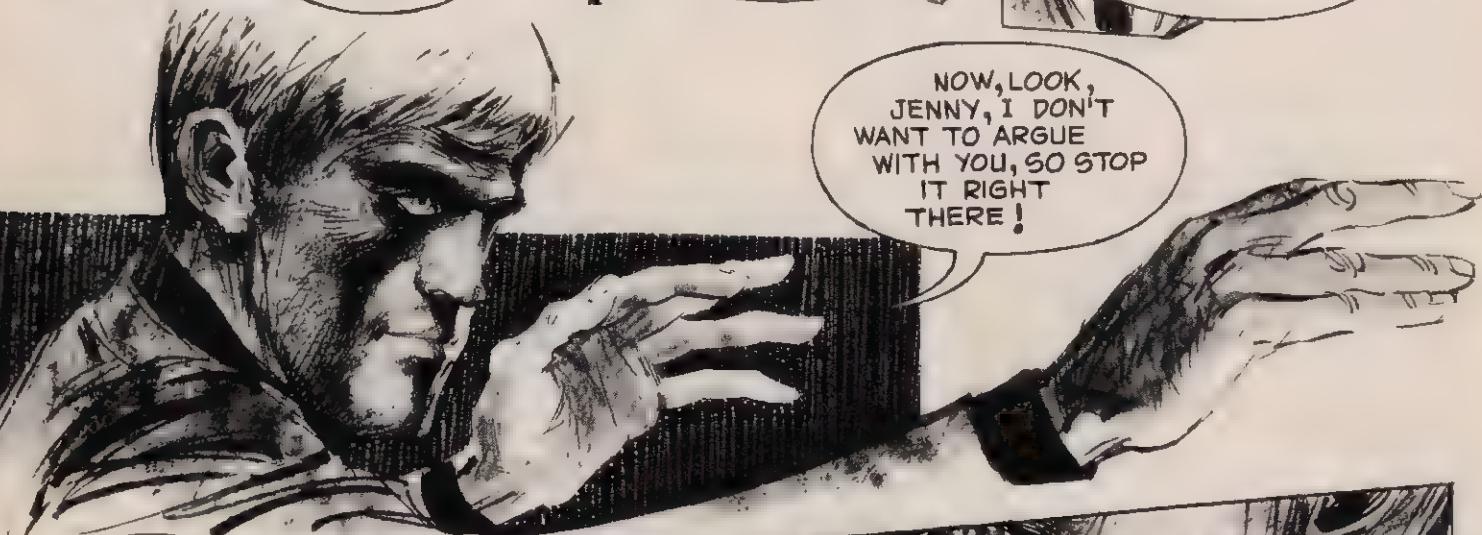
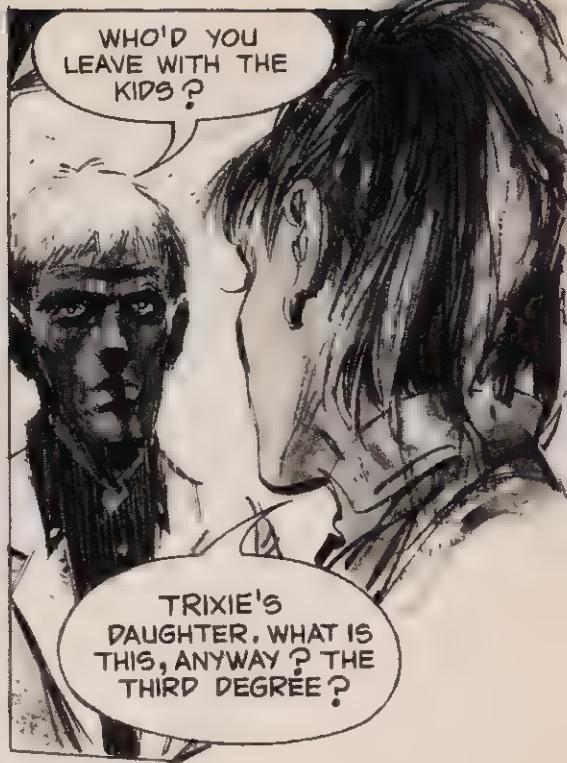
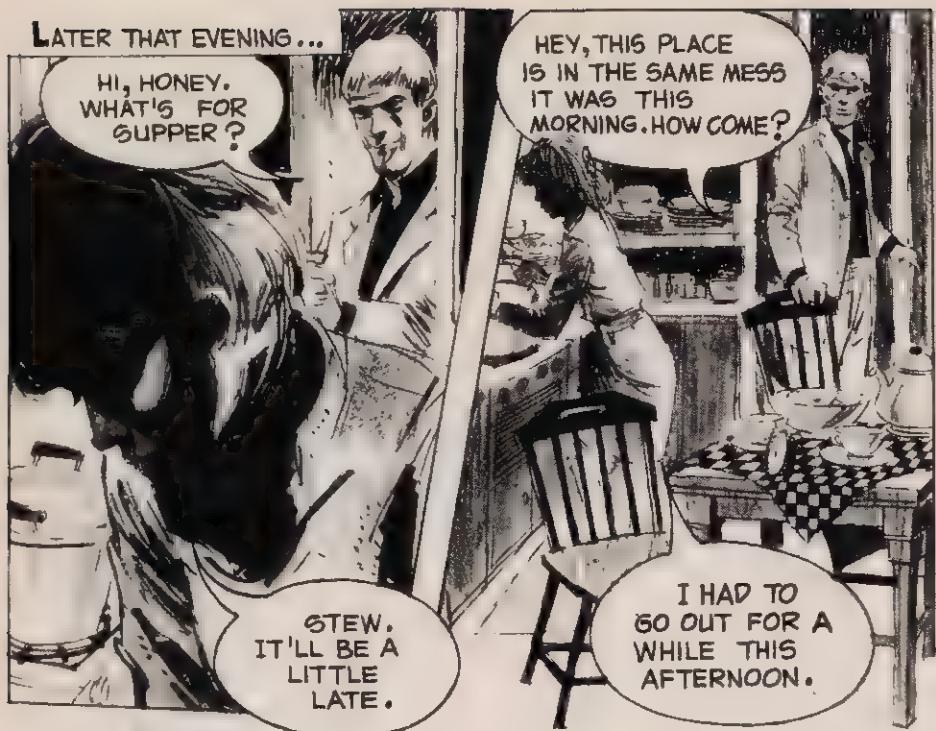


HERE'S A TALE  
FROM THE WITCHES'  
CAULDRON FLAVORED  
WITH A  
CONTEMPORARY  
THEME...



# WELCOME TO THE WITCHES' COVEN

LATER THAT EVENING...



YOU THINK I'M YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE! THE LORD AND MASTER, BRAD SHAW, COMES TRUDGING HOME AND DEMANDS HIS DUE!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! DO YOU THINK I LIKE WORKING IN THAT SWEAT SHOP FROM SEVEN TILL FIVE EVERYDAY? GO IN WHEN THE SUN IS COMING UP AND WALK OUT AS IT'S GOING DOWN?

SURE, AND YOU THINK IT'S DIFFERENT AROUND HERE WITH THREE KIDS YELLING AND SCREAMING, "MOMMY, MOMMY!" ALL DAY LONG! YOU THINK IT'S EASY?

WELL, I DON'T GO WANDERING OFF DURING THE DAY. **YOU BETTER NOT TRY THAT STUNT TOMORROW!** I INVITED MY SECTION STEWARD, RODNEY CAVENDISH, FOR DINNER!

JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BRAD? YOU KNOW, THEY'RE RIGHT!

WHO'S RIGHT?

JOAN AND WENDY. I'M NOTHING MORE THAN AN OBJECT TO YOU! SOMEONE TO KISS ON THE CHEEK, COOK MEALS, CALL FOR IN THE NIGHT AND LOOK AFTER THE KIDS!

NOW WHAT PUT YOU ON YOUR HIGH HORSE?

NEVER MIND! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.

FEELING FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED,  
JENNY TURNS TO THE ONLY PERSON  
WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND...

JENNY, WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

I NEED A PLACE  
TO STAY FOR AWHILE,  
JOAN. I WALKED OUT  
ON BRAD.

GOOD FOR  
YOU. HAVE YOU  
MADE YOUR  
DECISION ABOUT  
THE GROUP?

I'M GOING  
TO JOIN.

ONCE THEY ADMIT  
YOU, JENNY, THERE'S NO  
BACKING OUT. THE  
MOVEMENT CANNOT  
AFFORD TRAITORS TO  
THE CAUSE.

THE RITUAL I SAW  
THIS AFTERNOON... YOU  
SAID IT WAS A WARM-UP  
FOR THE GOAL WHICH THE  
GROUP INTENDS TO SEE  
RESOLVED TOMORROW  
NIGHT.

YOU WILL LEARN  
THAT AFTER THEY  
INDUCT YOU, DEAR. AFTER  
THE CEREMONY OF  
ACCEPTANCE, YOU WILL  
BE ANOTHER PRIESTESS  
TO THE DOWNFALL OF  
MALE DOMINATION!!!!

GO HOME TONIGHT,  
JENNY! WE DON'T WANT  
YOUR HUSBAND TO  
SUSPECT. TOMORROW  
AFTERNOON I WILL TAKE  
YOU TO THE HIGH  
PRIESTESS.

THE NEXT DAY JENNY ACCOMPANIES JOAN TO A STRANGE, EXOTIC RITUAL...

DIANA, HEAR OUR INCANTATIONS FROM ON HIGH, THE PLACE OF YOUR BIRTH, MOUNT CYNTHUS. HEAR US, O' DAUGHTER OF JUPITER AND LATONA! WE MAKE READY FOR YOUR COMING, O' TWIN SISTER OF APOLLO. TONIGHT WE SHALL MAKE THE FINAL SACRIFICE AND BRING YOU BEFORE US! WE WILL FOLLOW YOU TO VICTORY O' GODDESS OF HUNTING AND CHASTITY!

WE NEED A MALE PRESENT AT THE FINAL RITES. YOU MENTIONED THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS EXPECTING AN OUT-OF-TOWN GUEST TONIGHT.

DO THEY REALLY BELIEVE THEY CAN CALL FORTH THE SPIRIT OF SOME MYTHOLOGICAL GODDESS?

HOW CAN I DO THAT?

DO NOT SCOFF, JENNY. THE HIGH PRIESTESS HAS POWER. THE GREAT GODDESS DIANA WILL LEAD US TO VICTORY... AND IN ORDER TO **SHARE** IN THAT GLORY YOU MUST PROVE YOUR LOYALTY.

YES, RODNEY CAVENDISH.

NO ONE WOULD MISS HIM IF HE WERE A FEW HOURS LATE RETURNING FROM YOUR PLACE, WOULD THEY?

YOU ARE A PART OF OUR CAUSE NOW, JENNY, AND THIS IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR SUCCESS.

ARE YOU SUGGESTING...

THAT EVENING, BRAD ENTERTAINS HIS GUEST WHILE HIS WIFE HAS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED...

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, JENNY. ROD.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

AHHHH, THIS WOMAN'S LIB MOVEMENT HAS PUT A LOT OF FOOLISH NOTIONS IN HER HEAD. YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE WAY SHE ACTED LAST NIGHT.

WELL, BRAD, THEY HAVE SOME VALID ARGUMENTS. SOMETIMES. I THINK WE HAVE ONLY OURSELVES TO BLAME. BUT, TO BE HONEST, I FORESEE A GREATER LOSS TO THEM THAN TO US!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

OH, THEY'LL GET THE THINGS THEY DEMAND... BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, SOMETHING ALONG THE WAY WILL BE LOST.

WHAT'S THAT?

FEMININITY... THE ART OF BEING A WOMAN. BUT UNLESS YOU'VE KNOWN A WOMAN WHO REALLY IS A WOMAN YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

FEMININITY IS AN ART, BRAD. A DEEP, POWERFUL ART. IT SHOULD NOT... IT CANNOT BE LOST IF WE WISH TO CONTINUE.



FLICKERING SHADOWS MYSTERIOUSLY  
VEIL THE DARKENED HALLS OF  
SACRIFICE.

WE HAVE  
OBTAINED THE  
SACRIFICAL MAN,  
O' HIGH  
PRIESTESS.

PLACE  
HIM ON THE  
ALTAR TO  
PRINCESS  
DIANA!

JOAN! WAIT A  
MINUTE! I THOUGHT  
THAT YOU SAID  
YOU ONLY INTENDED  
TO HAVE HIM HERE  
AS A WITNESS!

WE NEED HIM FOR MUCH MORE  
THAN THAT, JENNY. HE IS AN  
ESSENTIAL PART OF THE  
CEREMONY!

YOU USED  
ME, JOAN!



YOU MUST REALIZE  
JENNY, THAT WE ALL DO  
OUR PART FOR THE  
CAUSE! THE CAUSE  
**NEEDED** YOU! THE  
CAUSE AND YOU  
ARE ONE!



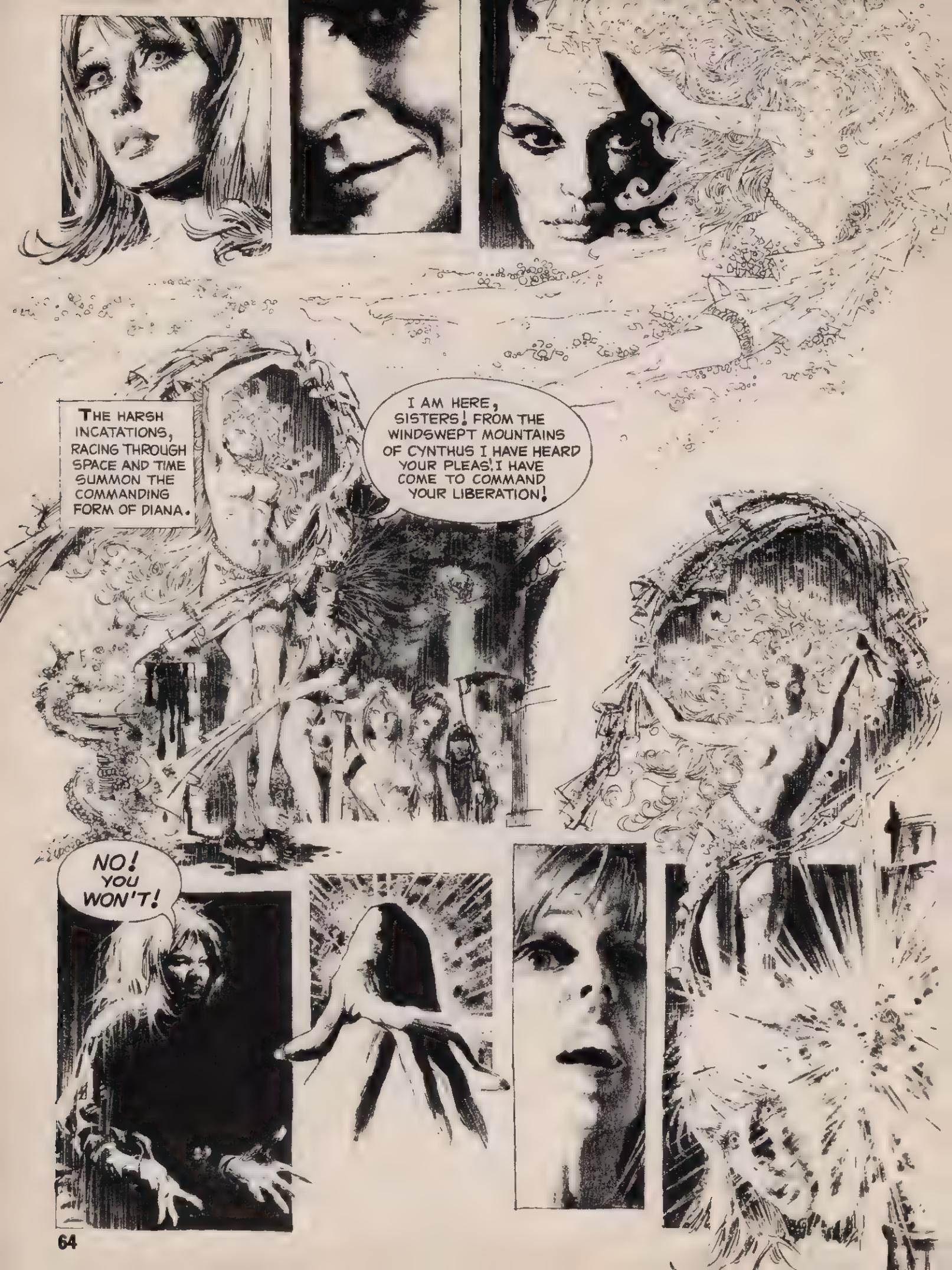
NO!  
YOU'RE **WRONG**,  
JOAN! THIS ISN'T MY  
CAUSE! THIS ISN'T MY  
WAY OUT OF THAT HUM-  
DRUM EXISTENCE!  
YOU'RE NO MORE MY  
MASTERS THAN  
BRAD IS!

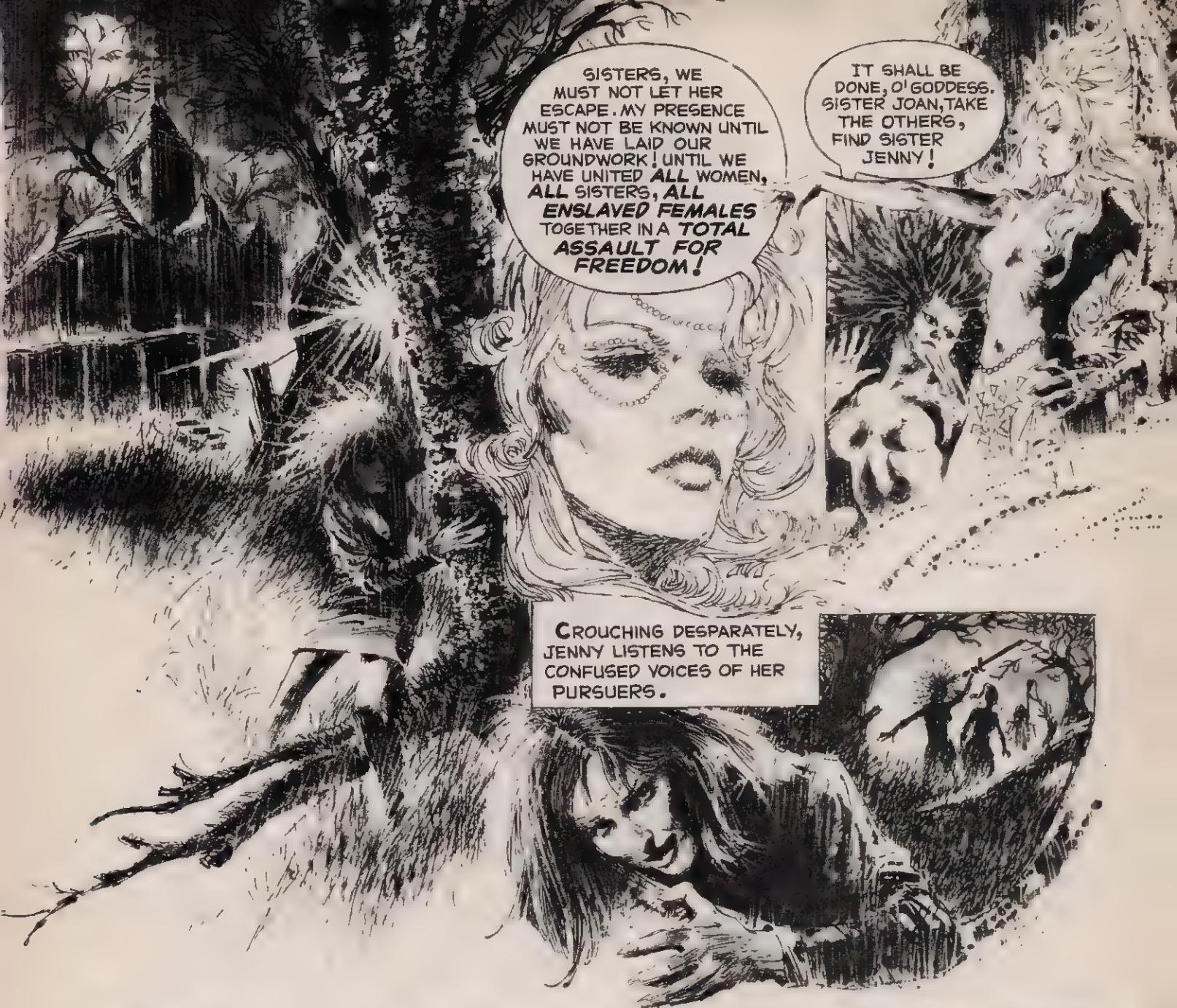


DON'T YOU  
REALIZE THAT YOU'RE  
BECOMING **SLAVES**  
TO THE VERY  
**FREEDOM** YOU  
DESIRED? YOU CAN'T  
KILL ROD?!



SHUSH!! IN  
THE NAME OF THE  
CAUSE, WE STRIKE AT  
THE PULSE OF MAN,  
AND RELEASE YOU  
TO US, O'DIANA!





SISTERS, WE  
MUST NOT LET HER  
ESCAPE. MY PRESENCE  
MUST NOT BE KNOWN UNTIL  
WE HAVE LAID OUR  
GROUNDWORK! UNTIL WE  
HAVE UNITED ALL WOMEN,  
ALL SISTERS, ALL  
ENSLAVED FEMALES  
TOGETHER IN A TOTAL  
ASSAULT FOR  
FREEDOM!

IT SHALL BE  
DONE, O'GODDESS.  
SISTER JOAN, TAKE  
THE OTHERS,  
FIND SISTER  
JENNY!

CROUCHING DESPARATELY,  
JENNY LISTENS TO THE  
CONFUSED VOICES OF HER  
PURSUERS.





JENNY'S IDEALISM IS  
NO MATCH FOR DIANA'S  
TIMELESS POWER...



THERE IS NO  
ROOM FOR WEAKNESS  
HERE. SHE IS THE FIRST  
BARRIER TO BE DESTROYED.  
RETURN TO THE ALTAR NOW  
AND WE SHALL BEGIN  
PLANNING. YOU SHALL  
BE MY ELITE!



I WAS MEANT  
TO RULE! MY DESTINY  
HAS NOW BEEN FULFILLED!  
I HAVE MY OWN FLOCK  
TO LEAD TO VICTORY  
AND THEY SHALL  
SERVE ME WELL!



JENNY  
CERTAINLY IS  
LIBERATED NOW.  
SHE'S LEARNED THAT  
A WOMAN'S PLACE  
IS BY THE FIRE...IN  
THE KITCHEN,  
THAT IS!

SPEAKING OF FIRE,  
DON'T GET SCORCHED  
BY MISSING MY NEXT  
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THE  
END

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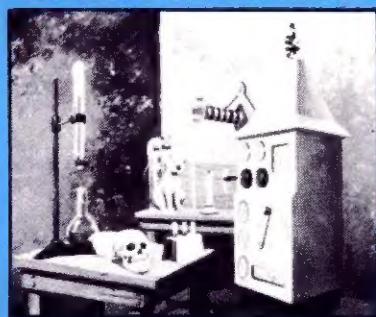
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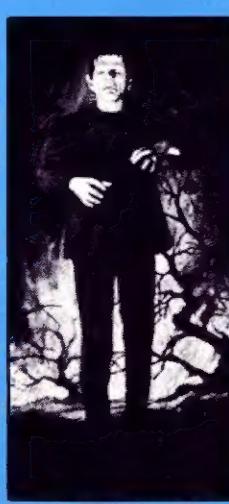
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